

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1880.

NO. 50.

NEWS NOTES.

Dakota has fifty-three newspapers.

The president approved the army and fortification appropriation bill.

Barthwick, proprietor of the London morning Post, is to be knighted.

St. Louis contributed \$3,000 immediately upon hearing of the Marshall disaster.

The remains of John Elliott, missing over a year, were found in Grand Forks county last week.

Hon. Orange Ferris, of New York has been appointed second auditor of the treasury in place of Ezra B. French deceased.

Patrick Desmond, a saloon keeper at Moorhead, was found murdered in his bed last Sunday morning. Several parties have been held on suspicion.

The total arrival of emigrants at Castle Garden during the month of April was 16,118, the largest number ever landed at Castle Garden in any one month.

The delegates to the Cincinnati convention from the District of Columbia have been instructed to vote for Seymour if a candidate, if not, for Hancock.

Two babies were born to a colored woman, Mervin C. Ky. Last week. One was black and the other white. This looks very much like amalgamation.

Postmaster General Key has accepted the appointment tendered him by the president, of United States district judge for the eastern district of Tennessee.

Lord O'Hagan has been appointed Lord Chamberlain for Ireland and D. Hugh Law attorney general for Ireland. Earl Cowper has been appointed Lord Lieutenant.

Hanlan, the champion oarsman, has arrived at Washington, toward over the course and gone into training for his great race with Courtney to be rowed on the Potomac.

The will of the late Frank Leslie is being contested by his two sons and a long contest, resulting in the lawyers fighting up the principle put in the testator, will probably be there.

It is reported that Jay Gould has paid Wm. H. Vanderbilt \$1,000,000 for 100,000 shares of Western Union stock. It is said Gould has in view the ultimate consolidation with his American Union line.

A band of Sioux made a raid on the ranch of Frank Clark, a hunter on Porcupine creek, last week while he was absent, taking with them everything portable in the shape of blankets, provisions, hides etc.

The Chinese stand no show in Canada. Two of the Chinese representatives of the flower kingdom started in business in Ottawa and were run out by a mob. Legislation has been introduced to avoid any further difficulty.

Gen. John McArthur, formerly postmaster of Chicago, has been found guilty of embezzling \$20,000 during his official career. He was given until June 4th to prepare for sentence or in other words to go his influence to work for a pardon by the time sentence is pronounced.

Kimble, Rumberger, Crawford, Salt and Parrott, the Pennsylvania politicians and bribes were all "let off free" by the board of pardons upon payment of their fines. Two could have been a resident of that state. It was dangerous to keep them imprisoned, they knew too much for the safety of the state officers.

A band of Indians are reported to be camped on the Powder river, eight miles up from the river crossing. A hunter in the neighborhood was out visiting his traps when he saw an Indian take a beaver from them, when he made a noise and the Indian started for him, the hunter immediately turned tail and ran to his camp. The Indian then took the beaver and started off.

Out of one hundred and ninety-seven thousand St. Louisans that listened to Moody and Sankey, twenty-four hundred of them are said to have been converted. A very fair showing considering the wickedness of the great southern city. Chicago papers will say that more would have been converted only for the fact that the female population were deterred from entering the church of Brother Moody on account of the size of their feet.

Mrs. Gen. Custer has written a letter opposing the bill for a statue to Custer, by McDonald to be erected in Washington. McDonald did the West Point statue, which Mrs. Custer says could not be worse than it is, and says: "The statue is a dismal misrepresentation in every respect. I cannot endorse the thought of this wretched caricature being repeated." It is to be hoped that Mrs. Custer's wishes may be complied with, but if the bill does pass giving McDonald the commission he will have no excuse for not making a commendable statue this time, knowing the faults of the first statue and how to avoid them in the second one.

The New York World referring to a recent application of five Chinamen for naturalization, declares up allens of Mongolians can be lawfully made citizens of the United States unless a Mongolian can be correctly described as "free white person." On what grounds can persons of the Mongolian race be called "white persons"? Does not section 2,169 expressly exclude all aliens but "white persons" and persons of African nativity or descent? One of the federal courts has decided that Chinamen cannot be naturalized in the United States, but our New York state courts go stumbling on "aloe samoe" as before.

A trial of the soft coal which is being mined on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad was made yesterday at the office of the land department of the road with a most satisfactory result. The coal is a lignite and when placed in the grate on a foundation of wood it ignited readily and gave out a heat much greater intensity than is generated by anthracite. The stove used was an open grate, hence the test was severe, and it proved that in an air tight stove constructed for it the coal would be extremely valuable for heating purposes. By a trial made by Mr. J. B. Power, the land commissioner, at his residence, he satisfied himself that the coal generated more heat and held the fire longer than bituminous. In a test recently made at the St. Paul gas works 1,000 pounds of this coal produced 3,500 feet of gas. The coal sent here for experiment is inferior to that now being mined, but the tests have verified all that has been claimed for it, and that it must prove a boon to the settlers in the new northwest can no longer be doubted.

TELEGRAPHIC TALES

EXTENSIVE CONFLAGRATION IN THE OIL REGIONS.

The Hanlan and Courtney Boat Race.

Jessie Raymond Again—Whittakers Case—Windom's Chances—Howgates' Polar Hobby.

(Special Dispatches to The Tribune.)

CORNELL'S VETO.
NEW YORK, May 7.—Much comment is excited by the action of Gov. Cornell in vetoing a bill passed by the state legislature, taxing foreign capital invested in the city of New York.

VANDERBILT.
NEW YORK, May 7.—The report that Vanderbilt has sold \$10,000,000 of his Western Union stock to Jay Gould is authoritatively denied, and on the contrary it is stated that Vanderbilt is purchasing Western Union, and will not dispose of it.

RED RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.
WASHINGTON, May 7.—The bill introduced in the House, appropriating \$100,000 for improving the Red River is earnestly recommended by the Secretary of War, and has already received favorable consideration in committee.

JESSIE AND HER BABY.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Jessie Raymond, made notorious by her charges against Senator Ben Hill, has received a liberal offer from a prominent lecture association for the coming season, the baby to accompany its mother on the tour.

DOOMED FOR LIFE.

ATLANTA, May 7.—Cox, who murdered Alston last fall, has no hope of pardon and will be sent at once to the penitentiary to serve a life sentence. This trial has created more excitement than any other for years past on account of the high social standing of the parties.

OHIO FOR SHERMAN.

COLUMBUS, O., May 7.—Gov. N. Converse was elected permanent chairman of the convention. The committee on resolutions has just decided to report a resolution instructing delegates at large and requesting district delegates to vote for Sherman in the national convention. The convention favored the rule of voting as a unit in the state and the adoption of the two-thirds rule in the national convention.

GRANT'S FRIEND.

CHICAGO, May 7.—E. B. Washburne, in an interview to-day, said that his conclusion not to be a candidate for the presidency was final, and that under no circumstances would he consent. He was only interested in the nomination of his old friend Grant, for whose interests he was diligently working and should continue to exert every means under his control for Grant first, last and all the time.

HOWGATES HOBBY.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The secretaries of War and Navy, paid a visit to the Gull-nave, lying at Alexandria below this city, and made an inspection of the vessel at a cabinet meeting Tuesday, the subject of detailing soldiers and seamen for the expedition was considered and it is said disapproved. Several scientific men disfavor the scheme, and Bessels, an authority on such subjects says it is but a poor plan to obtain cheap notoriety. Congress has passed Howgates' bill and the expedition will sail whether a detail of men is made from the army and navy or not.

WINDOM'S BOOM.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The boom for Windom is obtaining favor very fast among Senators and members, and it is said by a Republican Senator to-day, that should neither Grant or Blaine be nominated, that Windom be believed would be the first choice outside, that he was the most popular man in the party with all classes of the Republicans, had an unimpeachable record, and was growing more popular as an available presidential candidate than any one yet spoken of.

WHITTAKER'S CASE.

NEW YORK, May 7.—The expert from the New York post office, has submitted his report to the effect that the note of warning sent to Whittaker, and slip No. 23, written by one of the cadets, are in the same handwriting. Thus far the case seems to be wrapped in mystery, no evidence having been submitted that in any way shows self mutilation by Whittaker, and on the part of the cadets nothing as yet that can be considered reliable that will implicate them, unless the writing submitted by the expert should develop some new facts.

A JUST SENTENCE.

Washington May 7.—Thomas Smothers, who was tried and convicted at the last term of Court for committing an outrage on the person of a young woman of Capitol Hill, while on her way to church, was sentenced by Judge James to thirty years confinement at hard labor in the Albany penitentiary. The citizens here think the sentence insufficient, and before the trial made several attempts to lynch the negro. Rapes are of almost monthly occurrence, and invariably com-

mitted by negroes. The courts will deal summarily with all similar cases coming before them.

THE INDIAN BUREAU

WASHINGTON, May 7.—A very formidable opposition is developing itself against transferring the Indian bureau from the Interior to the war department. The house committee having the matter in charge reported favorably to the transfer, and it is supposed a hard fight will be made by friends and opponents of the bill. At any rate it will reach no conclusion this session. The same bill has been introduced before and generally killed in the committee, the Indian lobby being entirely too strong for those favoring the change. It is understood the president is anxious to have the change made at an early date, and that he believes it will be the means of avoiding many difficulties with the Indians in future.

BANK ROBBERS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 7.—Chicago detectives are on the track of the burglars who robbed the Paris bank this week. They are well known and the Louisville authorities notified Kentucky banks some two weeks ago of their presence in the state. The bonds are principally southern bonds and amount to \$19,500. Ten thousand dollars of the bonds are of the Cincinnati Southern railroad and belong to Mrs. C. N. Brent, of this city. Payment on \$1,500 of the bonds can be stopped.

They are town bonds and belong to a lady in Covington. Bill Mitchell, Wm. Reed, Jim Pierson and Al Beiter are the four Chicago cracksmen known to have been in the state.

MURDER ON THE FRONTIER.

FORT KEIGH, May 7.—Joe Harris, who owns a ranch on the divide between Custer creek and the Yellowstone, is now in custody, having surrendered himself voluntarily to Sheriff Bullock. He confessed having killed two men and says it was in self defense. The victims were W. J. Sherman and a man known as Dutch Mike, who are well known as peaceful citizens of Miles City. Harris refused to give an particulars of the tragedy having consulted counsel. A rumor is in circulation that Harris had a quarrel with the two men over some hides and that Sherman and Dutch Mike got the drop on him and kept him prisoner all day, when Harris, picking up a self-cocking revolver, fired at his captors, killing them both.

KEY'S SUCCESSOR.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Already several prominent men have been mentioned to the president for appointment to the postmaster-generalship to succeed Gen. Key, prominent among the number being Gov. Oglesby. The president would appoint the present first assistant, Gen. Tyner, and thus adhere to civil service rules, but it would hardly be the fair thing to have two cabinet ministers from the same state, as Thompson, of the navy department, and Tyner are both residents of Indiana. The president, it is understood, will delay the appointment until after the Chicago convention and then appoint some one who will be favorably considered by the successful candidate on the republican ticket. This rumor is of an unimportant procedure that but little credence is given it.

BURNING OF OIL WELLS.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 7.—In torpedoing a well of the Oakshade Oil Company this afternoon, the well overflowed and took fire. On account of the dry condition of the wood, the flames spread very rapidly among other oil property, and at the present writing a great conflagration is raging among the wells of the Oakshade Company, and the Meccallomo Oil Company's property near the summit of the Kendrel and Eldred Railway. Later reports say that three distinct fires are now raging in the woods among the wells at different points.

LATER.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 7.—An unauthenticated report says in the premature explosion of a torpedo near Reno city three men were seriously if not fatally burned. The fires now raging cover miles of territory and threaten several villages beside a vast amount of oil property. The excitement in this city is very great.

HANLAN THE OARSMAN.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Hanlan, the champion oarsman, has been in the city a week and makes his headquarters with the Annaloston boat club and practices daily between the boat house and "Three Sister" Islands, opposite Georgetown. He is in splendid trim and will be reduced from one hundred and sixty-three to about one hundred and fifty-six pounds. His trainer, Joseph Elenoung, of Toronto, is with him, and Ward, Coulson and Davis, his advisers, will arrive next week. Two boats are here now, the "Dufferin" and "George Warin," built of cedar, the Dufferin being used as a practice boat. Next week a boat built by Waters, of Troy, with arrive, weighing twenty-six pounds and measuring thirty-six feet six inches long by eleven and a quarter inches wide. Hanlan says he and Trickett, of Australia, are the champions of the world and he feels confident of beating Courtney in the coming race of May 9th and carrying away the \$6,000 purse. Should Courtney fail to come to time Riley will row against the Canadian.

FORT KEIGH NOTES.

A New Road on the Yellowstone—Academy of Music.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)
FORT KEIGH, M. T., April 29.—The work of rebuilding the road through the Bad Lands, on the south side of the Yellowstone river between this post and Fort Custer, is steadily progressing under the supervision of Capt. Frank D. Baldwin. This road, upon completion, will save some forty five miles in the distance to that at present used by the mail, and will also prove advantageous to travelers for the upper country by saving them crossing the Yellowstone at this place and Terry's landing.

The Academy of Music is being painted and decorated by Mr. Joseph W. Vincent, of Oakland, California, under the immediate supervision of Lieut. Oscar F. Long, 5th Infantry. Upon completion the garison will be able to boast of having the finest hall in eastern Montana.

The postmaster is eagerly looked for by the boys in blue and is expected to arrive here from Fort Custer about the 7th of May, when there will be great rejoicings but of short duration.

During the temporary absence of Gen. Miles the military district of the Yellowstone is commanded by Col. John W. Davidson, 2nd Cavalry, with the headquarters at Fort Custer, M. T. Capt. Baldwin still retains the position of assistant adjutant-general. Mrs. Baldwin and family leave on Saturday for Fort Custer where they will be the guests of Mrs. Gen. Davidson.

The Indians are quiet but possibly studying some plan for a surprise on our settlers and ranchmen. Capt. Dewees, of one company, has been sent to Talbot's ranch up the Yellowstone, one company under Capt. Casey is with the Northern Pacific engineers, one at Ferry Point under Capt. Hargous, and one under Capt. Evers on a scout.

Bishop Marty.

Bishop Marty returned from Standing Rock and Lincoln last Monday, where he has spent the last two weeks looking after the interests of his flock. Yesterday being Ascension day, a holy day in the church, services were had at St. Mary's, conducted by the bishop Father Chrysostom went to Jamestown Wednesday morning to be absent a week and will visit the various missions in that section. During his absence the bishop will conduct the services at St. Mary's. Bishop Marty leaves next week and will return by way of Fort Pierre and the river. It is his intention to visit all the river posts this summer.

The Fire.

An alarm of fire was turned in from District No. 2, Monday afternoon, caused by the burning of a log barn owned by Hugh McGarvey, on Second street, above Thayer. The fire obtained good headway before the arrival of the engine and the dark clouds of smoke driven over the city by a high wind, caused the citizens to gather from all points. The work of destruction lasted but a few moments, the fire company preventing any further spread. Two portable mowing machines, a straw cutter, and a pair of sleighs, fifty wagon covers, 100 pounds of feed and a quantity of hay was destroyed. "Billy" Pennell was the first to get his horses hitched to the engine, thereby drawing the \$10 prize. Loss \$1,000. No insurance.

The New Church.

The Methodist people report progress in their church enterprise and hope to commence building very soon. Up to date there has been raised \$1,184, of which amount J. Walker Jackson, D. D., the whole-souled chaplain of Fort Lincoln, in addition to a handsome private subscription, has raised \$400 from friends in Philadelphia. Hon. W. C. Paine, of New Albany, Ind., has donated \$250, and Rev. J. M. Bull has procured from friends in the states \$80. So it appears that thus far only \$445 has been paid by citizens of Bismarck and it is quite likely that the Methodists will more than redeem their promise to "raise a dollar from abroad for every dollar subscribed at home." As so much is being done by those who have no interest here toward improving and beautifying our city, we trust our citizens without regard to "party or sect" will subscribe liberally and pay promptly. The church will greatly add to the beauty of the city and adorn one of its most prominent corners.

James River Navigation.

For some time past the people of the James river valley have been excited over the prospect of a steamer being built at Jamestown to navigate this river of immense length but otherwise small dimensions. The matter came to a focus on the first of May when the little craft called the Nellie Baldwin was successfully launched amid the firing of cannon and the huzzas of the natives that had assembled from miles around to witness the scene. A special dispatch from James town says that at least 200 people witnessed the scene, and that the steamer is a beauty and reflects great credit on Captains Wilson and Smith, who had the matter in charge. The little beauty draws but seven inches of water and will navigate the river from Jamestown to Columbia some 200 miles below. Forty miles down a town has been laid out called Grand Rapids and already has quite a population. The steamer's hull is 14x75, and built expressly for low water. Should it be found necessary in the increase of trade in that country to make trips below the rapids the boat would probably be lifted out and that part of the river to be used as an Indian would get over rapids with a canoe. The enterprise is worthy of the "push" of the good people of Jamestown and is already an insured success.

SCIENTIFIC SCHEME.

THE RESERVOIR SYSTEM ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

The Yellowstone Lake Can be Utilized as a Water Reservoir.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

Feeling a deep interest in Bismarck and her vast river privileges, I wish to make a few suggestions to further her interest. As you are probably aware the reservoir system has been agitated in Congress. I have been advocating the same system for the headwaters of the Yellowstone river for the last two years with river men and army officers with whom I have come in contact. The immense water of Yellowstone Lake is the reservoir already made by nature's hand, and only waits the skill of man to deeper its outlet which Professor Hayden in his report says is about three feet deep, and put in flood gates and open them about the 1st of August. That will afford ample water for boating purposes, the balance of the season.

This lake is twenty-five miles long and from three hundred to five hundred feet deep, in my opinion. If Montana and Dakota will agitate this scheme, it will be but a short time before this great and beneficial work will be done.

The following article from one of our great dailies will be of interest to all those engaged in the navigation of the Yellowstone and Missouri river:

"The reservoir system for controlling the floods of the Mississippi is attracting equal attention from Representatives in Congress from districts bordering on the Missouri, the Red, the Arkansas, and other great tributaries of the Mississippi River. Mr. Platt Walker, of St. Paul, recently appeared before the Committee on Commerce and asked that an appropriation be incorporated in the River and harbor bill instructing the engineers to ascertain whether the reservoir system would not be applicable to the Missouri and other tributaries of the Mississippi as a means of controlling the floods which now devastate the regions bordering on the lower Mississippi. It is claimed by the friends of the reservoir system that all these great streams have, at points on their upper waters, a series of natural basins, which, with but little outlay, can be utilized to hold these floods until the season of low water, when their gradual outlet could be accomplished, not only without damage, but with benefits to commerce. There are already a sufficient number interested in this proposition to insure a liberal appropriation for a reconnaissance at the headwaters of these waters."

Knowing the deep interest that THE TRIBUNE takes in all that pertains to the welfare of Montana and Dakota, I know you will do your duty.

THE TRIBUNE comes to me regular and is devoured with avidity. I apprehend a bright future for her, and wish I could cast my lot with you.

The weather here is fine and our fruit trees are looming to their fullest capacity with a bountiful harvest promised in the near future.

D. B.

School Pic-Nic.

The Benedictine Sisters gave a picnic to their school May-day. About fifty of the young ones attended and spent a pleasant day visiting the numerous boats at the river and had a grand lunch spread on the river bank. The Sisters' school is well attended and finely conducted.

Call for Republican Convention.

A republican county convention hereby called to meet at the City Hall, in the City of Bismarck, on the 10th day of May, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating three delegates to represent Burleigh county in the territorial republican convention to be held at Fargo, D. T., on the 19th day of May, 1880. The different precincts of Burleigh county will be entitled to representation as follows: Mandan five delegates, caucus to be held at school house; Painted Woods two, caucus to be held at post office; Seventeenth Siding two, caucus to be held at Dr. Bender's farm; Apple Creek two, caucus to be held at Stark farm; Bismarck, First ward, four, caucus to be held on Main street, next to Bragg's market; Second ward three, caucus to be held at City Hall; Third ward two, caucus to be held at John Hoagland's shack. To avoid confusion precinct and ward caucuses must be held on May 6th, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m. By order of the County Republican Committee.

Geo. P. Flannery, Chairman.

Dated April 29, 1880.

A Good Thing.

A first national bank has been incorporated to do business at Fort Benton at the head of navigation on the Missouri river. This is a very important and convenient institution for merchants, shippers and steamboat men. W. G. Conrad is president and E. G. Macley, cashier. Mr. Conrad is a partner of the well known firm of I. G. Baker & Co., of St. Louis and Fort Benton. Col. D. T. Houser, president of the First National bank of Helena, Judge A. J. Davis, a Montana millionaire, with I. G. Baker, T. C. Power, John T. Murphy and W. S. Wetzel, are stockholders. The bank will commence operations as soon as the currency being issued by the bureau of printing and engraving at Washington is received. With such well known men as directors and officers the institution is bound to do a good business and flourish from the start.

PURELY PERSONAL.

W. A. Winston, of Minneapolis, is at the Sheridan.

J. W. Raymond returned from his eastern trip Friday night last.

Mr. Clark, of Walker, Bellows & Co. went east Wednesday morning.

C. L. Stephenson, steamboat inspector, of St. Paul, is in town this week.

Mr. Sanborn, general freight agent, and party went down Thursday morning.

Mr. Bellows, of Walker, Bellows & Co., was in town a couple of days this week.

F. F. Girard, the Indian interpreter of Fort Stevenson, was at the Sheridan Tuesday.

Capt. McHenry, of Deadwood, came up from St. Paul last night en route to the hills.

A. R. Niningen, of Miles City, came up from St. Paul Wednesday and leaves by first boat.

J. A. Wambaugh, of Standing Rock, was a guest of the Sheridan for a few days this week.

H. F. Douglass, post-trader, with C. C. H. Smith, came up from Standing Rock this week.

Mr. W. B. Shaw returns to Fort Berthold this week and will take his family up for the summer.

Mr. John M. Root, of Wisconsin, has accepted the position of book-keeper at the Bennett mills.

Mr. McHughes, the popular agent of Mayo & Clark, hardware, St. Paul, sojourns at the Sheridan.

N. P. Clark, of St. Cloud, one of the stage company proprietors, passed the week at the Sheridan.

Joseph Leighton, of St. Paul, one of the owners of the Yellowstone steamer Batchelor, came up Tuesday.

D. F. Barry, the photographer, leaves Saturday night on the Batchelor for Fort Buford for a month's stay.

Mr. H. M. Spofford, general advertising agent, has been doing the town for the past week and made a success in his line.

Miss Minnie Taylor, sister of Mrs. Ed Brown, arrived Tuesday night from Brainerd and will spend the summer in Bismarck.

Mr. J. M. Carnahan, post trader with Frank Moore at the entrance of the Little Missouri, came in Wednesday and is quartered at the Sheridan.

Mrs. W. S. Fanshawe, wife of the post trader at Fort Meade, arrived in Bismarck last Friday from the east.

J. R. Roberts, of St. Paul, representing the wholesale cigar and tobacco house of M. Manns & Co., is at the Merchants.

Mr. J. B. Sanborn and wife with a party of ladies came up Tuesday in the pay car and made a trip out to the end of the road.

Dr. Wm. A. Burleigh, the well known Dakota pioneer, registered at the Sheridan Monday, and goes up the river to Miles City.

W. F. Steele drove in from his extensive plantation Sunday and reports everything in the farming line progressing favorably.

A son of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Mr. Rice, of St. Paul, and party, left Wednesday by teams for the Yellowstone, where they will locate a stock ranch.

Messrs. A. B. Rolfe and A. S. Shannon left for Deadwood by Thursday's stage where they will engage in the drug business. They are thorough business men and bound to succeed.

C. S. Deering, telegraph contractor, arrived at the Sheridan from Boston Saturday. He is now building the United States military line between Fort Bennett and Rapid City, being a continuation of line from Fort Lincoln, Yates and Sully to Meade.

Col. Lounsbury and Mr. M. H. Jewell, of the Tribune, are in St. Paul on business connected with the mammoth illustrated edition of The Tribune, which will be ready for distribution the first of the coming week.

Actives vs. Hill Club.

A game of base ball, the first of the season, was played at Fort Lincoln on the parade ground last Sunday between the Active club of "L" Co., 7th Cavalry, and a club from the hill or the old post. The game was called at 1 p. m. with the hill club at the bat. The play lasted two hours and a half and was won by the Actives by a score of fifteen to six. The Actives are an old organization, having played in Bismarck on several occasions, while the hill boys made their first appearance at this match and did the best fielding by all odds, their weakest point being at the bat. The captain of the hill boys stood first base and won much applause for his superior playing. The Actives made some fine double plays. The above is condensed from a special dispatch to THE TRIBUNE which closes by saying that the Lincoln clubs are anxious to see the Bismarck boys over there, that they may show the Actives how to play.

Lightning.

Mr. O. C. Green, superintendent of the Northwestern telegraph company, left for Brainerd after spending a few days last Saturday morning. The commercial business of the line has increased to such an extent that the company have decided to string an additional wire between this city and St. Paul. The business of the office keeps Manager Davis busy until long after office hours. He is without an assistant but will probably be furnished one some time this month, when it is hoped the office will be kept open during the evening for the transmission of messages that are now necessarily held over till the next morning. The receipts of this office are greater than any on the line except St. Paul, and Manager Davis, who does all in his power for the business community, is well liked by all, and is as prompt and energetic as any operator in the northwest.

CHURCH REVERIES OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.

I have a new bonnet, I'll go up to church To hear the new preacher, young Jonathan Birch.

He's single and handsome, but they say he's dry, And that his sermons are long and dreadfully dry.

But, being a bachelor, I'll try for his sake To look interested and keep wide awake.

What a good congregation! I'm glad that I came.

That face is familiar, but what is her name? Ah, yes! at the social she sang through her nose.

I wonder if Murray will ever propose? The choir has finished its opening hymn. The preacher's too pale, and awfully thin.

His prayers I think tedious and pro-y and long; They say that he really thinks dancing is wrong.

What beautiful mantles those Burton girls wear!

I wonder if they really do bleach their hair? They dress awful stylish and have a front pew. They say that their father's as rich as a Jew.

Ah! there goes the sermon—I must listen with care.

Oh, hush! Frank Fields got beautiful hair? I must catch it, I can, the drift of the text. I wonder what beau Belle Laws will have next?

Ah, me! how I wish the choir would sing. I would give a good deal for a new diamond ring.

Oh, why don't the preachers all preach to the point?

I have sat here till every bone's out of joint. I have a cramp in my neck and a pain in my back.

I declare, Mary Riley has got a new sack, And it's all lined through with the finest of silk.

I never could see what folks fancied in her.

Well, the sermon's progressing, I must listen and learn.

How I wish he'd warm up and not look so stern.

Mary Gray is in mourning, I wonder who is dead.

She'd look well in black if her hair was not red.

In the pew right behind me is old Deacon More.

I don't mind his sleeping, but why does he snore?

Just hear that cross baby: I know Mr. Birch Must hate so to have it disturbing the church. And how can he preach and pray through it?

The say Maggie Ross was the 'belle of the ball.'

That her dress was just lovely, her dancing divine.

But I will not believe it was better than mine.

The sermon is finished, the Bible is closed, The collection has awakened the deacons that dozed.

I must feel in my pockets and get out my dime.

Those boys in the gallery are having a good time.

Why, there's Mary Martin! what a beautiful hat!

How pretty she would be if she wasn't so fat.

And now we'll have a tune from the choir. I think that their singing lacks feeling and I wonder if Murray will be at the door. Or if he will let that pert Minnie Moore? She's so proud of her eyes with their sleepy old lids.

I do wish I had some six-button kids.

"Old Hundred" is finished, and I'll get my muff.

I think for one day I've had preaching enough. The aisle is so crowded I'll have to go slow. And there's Minnie Moore walking off with my beau!

See how she struts in her new polonaise. I always did hate her impudent ways.

I'll pretend not to see her, and turn up my nose.

And show how indifferent I am to the beaux. There's Jennie Jones opposite waiting to see if I had a gentleman come home with me.

Ah, me! I know pa and ma will be vexed. For I have forgotten every word of the text!

LITTLE BLUE EYES:

Or, Why I Joined the Detectives.

"Can I sit with you?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Nice weather?"

"Splendid indeed."

"Crops growing finely?"

"Yes, couldn't be better."

I was sitting in a car on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good-looking, pleasant-spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now I am regarded as a social man. I like a joke more so than now. On entering a railroad-car I always looked about for a talkative man, and then I got as close to him as possible and drained him dry, if the journey was long enough.

And I want to state one thing more: Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event which made me one, I got kicked here and kicked there, and grew up between folks as they say. I ought to have had, at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and to have been enabled to read evil in a man's face if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself at being over-keen or sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given any one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy strain of conversation as we rode together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well-made fellow, finely dressed, and wore a fine watch and a simple pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easily and so pleasantly. It seemed that he had only to open his mouth and the words fell right out.

I had traveled in the South, so had he. I had heard the roar of the Pacific—he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up and repaired again and again. My new friend had experienced all these things, and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never before met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man, who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you all your secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz and draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it, I was giving him my history.

I was at the time just at the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Briverville. The firm were old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I should be the "Co." of the firm. A year before a farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton, died, and his matters had

been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in bank, railroad stock, mortgages, &c., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relict and fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his own farm for three thousand dollars. While the papers read "for one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any time that Preston desired. A month after, when having the funds to clear off the paper, the "old money-bags" holding it refused to discharge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to learn the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memorandum, and I must go down and get the date from old Grip, who lived south of Grafton about five miles. The stranger pumped all this out of me in about ten minutes, and yet I never once suspected he was receiving any information.

"I am not positive," I added, but I am pretty sure that the time is the 13, which would be Tuesday next."

"And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied, and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into another channel, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10:50, and to my great surprise, he announced that he was going to stop in town on business for a few days. I had not even asked his name or vocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a lively team and drove out, getting through with business so that I was back to take the 3:20 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up carrying the same honest, dignified race.

"Well, did you find out?" he inquired, in his pleasant way.

"Yes, it was on the 13th, as I expected," I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted I had no more idea of meeting him again than I had of knowing you. In fact, he told me he would sail for England in a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "George Raleigh," in old English script.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the 13th came at length. Law & Law had arranged with me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no small importance.

"We know you are all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go, "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any strangers into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train I forgot what he said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank-bills, and divided into three packages, under my shirt next my skin, where the deft hand of a pickpocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew by as the train flew West, and at length the hoarse voice of the conductor warned me that I had reached Grafton. I leaped down, and was making for the lively street when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy, and had seemingly waited for me to come in.

"Don't express your surprise," he began as I stopped at the wheel. "I did intend to go away, but changed my mind, and like this section so well that I am going out to day to look at a farm with a view to purchasing. Come, ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered lunch, and while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of old Grip's.

How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, return in his company, and he was greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. Had any one told me, as we got into the buggy, that George Raleigh meant to return in with my money in his pocket, and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of the meadows and green groves made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

"O, excuse me!" he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile from the village, and were among the farm-houses. "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact, I detested the smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so and hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank perhaps three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods at the left as he received back the flask, and when I looked around again he was just removing it from his lips as if he had drank heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seemed to grow higher, and the trees to grow larger; something came to my ears that the rattle of the buggy seemed a long way off.

"How strange! Why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face; "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin, and my brain began to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are badly off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put his horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants called out to know what ailed that man,

Raleigh did not reply but urged his horse forward.

Three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this was soon reached. The pain in my head was so violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself, "This is a tree, that is a stump," &c., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road we struck the forest and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question, but could not resolve it.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed Raleigh, when we had reached a point forty rods from the main road.

He stopped the horse, got out and hitched him, and then came round to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you'll be better soon," he remarked. "Come, let me help you down."

He reached up his arms and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton; but he carried me along without an effort, and laid me down within a rod of a fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now I began to feel a little better. The effects of the drug were wearing off, and I had a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb: the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me: "because if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you have stowed that money."

Now I began to realize my situation. His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue. I also felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it 'robbing'; but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided and no one left out."

"You shan't have the money. I will die first!" I yelled, rising a little.

"Ah, I see—didn't take quite enough," he coolly remarked. "Well, I have provided for this."

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and knelt down beside me. I had but little strength left, and he conquered me in a moment. Lying on my right side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me and then forced the gag into my mouth.

"There now, you see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed while he was tying me, I had caught sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence. I that she was frightened. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew that she was some farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could not warn her or her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot I winked at the little girl as hard as I could, hoping that she would move away. But she did not go.

"Well, now for the money!" said Raleigh and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, removing all the articles, felt down my boot-leg, and then finally passed his hand over my bosom and found the money. "Ha! here it is!" he exclaimed drawing out the packages. I don't hardly believe that old Grip will see any of this to-day."

He sat down near my head, undid the packages, and was cool enough to go at it to count the money. As he commenced the little girl waved her hand at me. My heart went thumping, for I expected that she would utter a word or shout; but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but it's only the apprentices who do such work. All the real gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should."

He drew off the other boot and placed some "fifties and 'twenties" in it, and then continued.

"I have it all planned out how to deal with you, as soon as I get this money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the bal of the wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep until to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundreds of miles away. As soon as I see the drug take effect I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will most likely meet some traveler soon. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you."

How coolly he talked. He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking the little white face appeared between the rails again, but in a moment it vanished and its place was taken by the sun-burned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked at him in a way that he readily understood. He disappeared and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Grip won't get his tin to-day," mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law, feeling put out and cut up, but they can't blame you, it is not your fault at all. True, had you minded your business on the car, and not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee and had no thought of such rich pickings here."

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting; I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan of further drugging me. He turned me on my

back, sat down astride of me and pulled out the wine-flask.

"Now, in just about a minute we'll be through with this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head on one side, and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up, but three farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to, I was free of gag and ropes, and we had him securely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking hay. "Little Blue Eyes," only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had, fortunately for me, witnessed a part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father, and told him that "a man was all tied up out there." Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses, he was terribly taken back, and cursed enough for the whole Flanders army. I took him back to Grafton, and when I saw him again he was on his way to the penitentiary, to serve a term of fifteen years.

The mortgage was duly lifted; and the gift which Law & Law sent Katy Grey kept her in dresses for many a year.

For myself, I felt so humiliated at having fallen into the rascal's trap, and so wrathful at the treatment, that I determined to devote myself to a thorough warfare on rogues. I therefore joined the detective force, and after due study, took my place as a full-fledged detective.

The Treatment of Diphtheria.

Dr. Thomas Gurley, senior physician to the City Dispensary, London, makes the following contribution to the *Lancet*:

"Since I have held the position of physician to the City Dispensary I have had considerably more than one thousand cases of disease of the throat under my care, many of which, both in public and private practice, have been cases of diphtheria. About this, by far the most serious disease of the throat, we have much to learn. The stiffness of the neck, the disturbance of the circulation, the rapid rise of temperature, before any affection of the throat is observed, all point to its being a blood poison calling for a prompt decisive treatment."

"The two questions that arise when called to a case of diphtheria, as, indeed in all diseases, are: How does the disease tend to kill the patient? and, How does nature endeavor to rid herself of the disease?"

"Diphtheria tends to kill by suffocation and by its exhausting the vital energy. Suffocation may be either accidental, if, when the membrane is thrown off, it becomes lodged in the larynx; or natural, if the swelling inside the throat shuts off the supply of air to the lungs. Nature will attain the mastery over her enemy if the strength be kept up and the deposits arrested. With these points to support our great aim. To succeed in this I have adopted a respirator made of the ordinary shape and size, the front being minutely perforated. Inside of respirator I have two or three perforated plates inserted, between which I place common tow (not cotton wool); I then drop on each of the layers of tow ten to twenty drops of a solution of carbolic acid, creosote and glycerine. Should the patient tire of these, I use turpentine or iodine. I place the respirator over the mouth, and keep it continually applied. My next idea is to provide the patient with warm moist air. To do this I have two kettles of water kept boiling on the fire; attached to the spouts of the kettles I have an elastic tube of an inch caliber, at the end of which is a spray-like nozzle, which I put immediately under the mouth of the patient. By this means I get my disinfectant remedies carried moist to the throat. As a sedative to the pain, I know nothing so comfortable to the patient. Previous to this, I take care to give an active purge, which usually removes offensive stools effete, poisonous matter. Internally I give acetonite in frequent small doses—two to four minims of the tincture; at the same time freely supporting the strength with milk, cream and eggs, with or without brandy, and beef tea *ad libitum*. As a drink I recommend patients to take as much chlorate of potash in solution as they can without vomiting. I have found chlorate of potash highly beneficial in all cases of a low typhoid character. If this is objected to, I advise the juice of lemons to be taken—by many thought to be a specific for diphtheria. Should the system of the patient be very weak, I prescribe belladonna instead of acetonite; but I find more encouraging results from the latter. As soon as the urgent symptoms have subsided I order strychnia, with or without nitro-hydrochloric acid—this not only being the best tonic, but also preventing the paralysis which so often follows diphtheria. I have found this treatment to be highly beneficial, but knowing the tendency there is to rheumatism after this terrible disease, I never forget our friend the bicarbonate of potash."

Edwin Booth in Society.

A New York correspondent writes: "The Booth of the parlor is quite as noble-looking a man as he is of the stage. The chandelier sets him off quite as well as the foot-lights. He was in full evening dress, with black cravat, and without gloves, which in society this winter are considered quite superfluous, unless the occasion be a wedding. The tragedian has a superb head—a combination of Poe's and Bonaparte's and Byron's—essentially a poet's head. I was a little surprised to see a face which is so flexible on the stage so impassive now. I stood and watched him, while several ladies and gentlemen, professional, sang and played, and hardly once did his face express the least pleasure. It was not exactly somber, but it was sober and sedate and immobile, and the long upper lip was firm. He cordially clapped his hands to express approval of a good thing, but his temperamental is evidently not mercurial, and his emotions are nowhere near the surface."

CHARLES—"What did that spring suit cost you, Alf?" Alf—"Can't say, dear boy—haven't been sued for it yet."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Those who toil to earn their bread Need not blush to own their lot; They in noble footsteps tread, And a claim to live have got. Toil is not the wage of sin, For in Eden work was given: Man was made to work and win Spoils of earth, and bliss of heaven.

He who at the anvil stands, Striking while the iron glows, Though he works with horny hands, He strikes the ringing blows. At the loom and on the field, In the shop, and on the soil, Where men wisely power wield, There is dignity in toil.

He who works with throbbing brain Thinks to teach men how to live, Writes that others good may gain, Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give, He can claim the manly right With the sons of toil to stand; He asserts his mental might, Helps to bless his native land.

He who lives a life of ease, Idly wasting all his days— Aiming only self to please— Filled with pride and courting praise— Call him not a nobleman, Such existence is a shame; And when ends life's black span, Soon will die his empty name.

Labor brings reward and rest, Educates the latent powers; Who employs his golden hours; Working not beyond his might, Toiling not against his will, And beneath his master's slight Glad his mission to fulfill.

All things labor for our good, He who made us never sleeps; He who tills the ground for food, For his pains a harvest reaps. None who work need feel ashamed, They do what good they can; 'Tis an honor to be named, As we toil a "workingman."

THE DEATH OF ASHBY.

How the Hero of the Shenandoah Valley Fell.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

In July, 1861, we saw the first body of confederate cavalry which passed the valley of the Shenandoah. It consisted of about 500 well mounted men, chiefly farmers from the lower part of the valley and counties along the Maryland border, looking as if they were out on a big hunt. There was no attempt at uniforms, except that most of the cavaliers had exchanged their coats for hunting shirts of flannel. There was a great variety of hats of every style, shape and material, and the weapons of the troop were as irregular as their other appointments, few of the men then having sabres, and most of them having such arms as they had been accustomed to use in field sports. The commander of the troop was Col. Angus McDonald, of Hampshire county, a country lawyer, the father of seventeen fine sons and daughters. Several of his sons became well-known as gallant soldiers. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was a modest, unassuming young man, who had the usual easy, graceful bearing of a Virginia gentleman. His manners were very quiet, rather diffident, and his whole appearance conveyed the idea of an amiable, easy-going Southerner. This was Turner Ashby, a man of dauntless courage and one of the chivalrous heroes of the army.

It was said that before the outbreak of hostilities, Ashby, then captain of a volunteer company, was ordered to arrest a Northern man living in his neighborhood who was suspected of being an abolitionist and incendiary, and who after the close of the war, became conspicuous as Judge Underwood. Ashby's generous soul revolted at the thought of going to dead of night to a man's house to assassinate or even to arrest him without legal authority, and he privately informed Mr. Underwood of the danger that threatened him, and having given him ample time to escape, led his troop to its destination, only to find the bird had flown.

Ashby early became famous from the deeds of daring and the splendid feats of horsemanship in which he delighted. In marches in the valley his cavalry commander soon became known to the federal soldiers, with whom he was constantly skirmishing. They often singled out his manly form for a target, and long declared that he wore a charmed life. Once when closely pressed by his enemies, some of whom had managed to pass around him and cut off his retreat to his command, he astonished his pursuers, who supposed him in their power, and rejoiced in the prospect of making him prisoner, by springing from his noble white horse to the top of a high fence, then speaking to the well-trained steed and striking the fence with his hand, the horse dashed over it and Ashby vaulted into his saddle, waving his hat to his foes who cheered lustily, as he rode off in the opposite direction.

"Col. Ashby," said a young man who had just joined his command, "I have no arms, where shall I apply for them?" "The enemy are well supplied," was the quiet answer, "you can easily provide yourself from their stores."

In June, 1862, Jackson was slowly making his second retreat through the valley, contending with the federals every step of the way. Ashby was the hero of the hour, Gen. Jackson not then having developed that genius which has made his name immortal. The exploits of the sleepless cavalry leader, who incessantly harassed or impeded the advancing federals, were in everybody's mouth, the soldiers worshipped him and the citizens looked at him as their defense from the invading army.

I well remember the passing of the troops through our village. As our friends were chiefly in the cavalry, we bestowed little attention upon the weary infantry, who were making forced marches, and enduring great hardships daily, with wonderful patience and faith in their leaders. The army had been passing for hours, when about 10 o'clock a somewhat thick-set man, well mounted and riding very slowly, paused a moment in front of the porch where we stood saying last words to two or three young officers. "There is Ashby," whispered somebody, and all eyes were turned upon the quiet gentleman, very gentle and composed in bearing, simply dressed and wearing a very heavy black beard which nearly covered his face. "You ought to have seen General Ashby blush just now," said a young friend, who had dismounted to speak to a group of girls in the park; "a lady came out and handed him a bunch of flowers and made a complimentary speech, and I thought

Ashby would faint." He could not help taking the flowers, but as soon as she went into her house he handed them to one of the boys and said, "Please take it." "I cannot carry them through the street," "Captain," said Gen. Ashby, at this instant speaking very slowly and without a trace of excitement to one of the young men. "You had better mount, the enemy are entering the town. Tell the citizens they had better keep within doors," he said, so an old gentleman whom he met a few steps further on; "there might be skirmishing through the streets."

A few minutes later the handsomely equipped federal cavalry dashed past the house, and swarmed in every direction, a large party pursuing Ashby, others taking by-ways to surround him, and myriads seem to spring up everywhere. An hour or two later, part of the confederate infantry made a stand on a green hillside in front of a beautiful grove, and a large force of federals attacked them. At first the Southern troops recoiled and fell back before them, and Ashby, watching the affray hard by, sprang from his horse and waving his sword in air, rallied the faltering Maryland regiment and charged upon the federal troops, who fled before him.

And then on that fair June morning, with the lovely scenery of his native land lying in beauty all around him, Ashby, the hero of the valley, fell pierced through the heart, and the long, waving grass and the lovely wild flowers were dyed in noble blood that day. The body was borne by loving hands to a place of security, and hence spirits bowed, and strong men wept bitter tears over the early dead.

The Household.

In the family, as in the church, congregating the highest and sweetest earthly joys. It is there memory gains its richest treasures, and frames the divinest pictures. The recollections at home do not fade with the lapse of years, but dwell in the mind when limbs totter and eyes grow dim with age. Youth is lived over again when the frosts of winter have silvered the hair, and fireside groups of the long ago come back as loving and as radiant as when first remembered in the old home of childhood. Oh! days of childhood, hours of bliss; how bright and golden when life was young and years were few. Ye are gone, but not forgotten. The old familiar scenes grew instinct with new life and freshness. The family circle is once more complete, and the brightening glow of an unselfish devotion reflects its charm on every face. Voices that have been hushed in the silence of the grave, speak anew the words of affection, and tones soft and gentle as only a mother can accent fall lovingly on the ear. The fire-light flickers on the hearth, casts its shadow on the wall; the evening hour of prayer draws nigh, and with reverent hearts we bowed us down to pray. Around that worship are linked our holiest memories. We never forget these scenes of devotion. Above family altars bend ministering angels, around them bend immortal souls. Earth can never offer fairer pictures than families joined in prayer, and time is not long enough for such petitions to be forgotten.

The family is the center of all healthful influence, of moral power, of genuine affection. It is the basis of society as well as of government. The condition of the family determines the condition of the community. Every well regulated and wisely governed household is a moral force in the world. Children grow up under such training to become useful members of society. They are noted for good manners, good breeding and proper deportment. In virtuous homes never grow the apples of Sodom. The Dead Sea fruit never ripens under such an atmosphere. The air is too sunny and bright and golden, and nothing can bloom and blossom there but the flowers of peace and true content. These wait their odors and display their hues in all seasons and through all changes, and give to the family the only glimpses of Eden to be found on earth. Love glorifies the family, sanctifies the home, sweetens all its joys and brightens all its charms. It warms as well as brightens, purifies as well as ennobles, and folds around the fireside wings as soft and tender as the dove. Where love dwells in the home happiness comes to abide. The trail of the serpent is not there traced by its slime nor its deadly rattle heard in its chamber of peace. Affection waves its banner at the portals, and under its ample folds there tails the sunshine amid the benediction of heaven. Earth has no fairer scene than a loving loyal household mirrors. Peace is within its walls and happiness its abiding guest.—*L. S. Economist.*

Nothing Wasted.

There is a beef packing company, at Rockport, Arkansas county, Texas, owned and run by Boston men, who market the products in the New England States, Europe and the English Navy. The factory kills an average of 31,500 grass-fed beefs a year, and finds a ready market for their products. Every part of the beef is utilized even to the tuft of the tails, which are all preserved and sold, it is thought for the purpose of making ladies' frizzes. The blood flows into tanks and is dressed and sold at two cents a pound, for the manufacture of artificial fertilizers. The lean beef is boiled and canned in two pound cans. The hides are salted and sold green. The fatty matter is all extracted and goes to make tallow. The bones are all boiled to a pulp to extract its fatty matter which goes to tallow, and the dry bone, mainly phosphate of lime, is sold for fertilizing, at one cent a pound. The water in which the meat is boiled is boiled down and evaporated to a thick paste, which is canned and sold as "extract of beef," in fifty pound cans. The feet are cut off at the knee, and from the hoof "neat's foot" oil is extracted. The horny part of the foot, the shin bone and the knuckle bones of the foot are extracted and sold in the East for the manufacture of Yankee ivory. The horns are piled up until the pith becomes loose, and then this is added to the fertilizers, and the bones sold for manufacture. Every atom of the animal is used.

MEN from time immemorial have kissed women and have been sorry for it afterward. For instance, there is the case of Jacob, who, when he kissed Rachel, lifted up his voice and wept.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

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METODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. Bell, Pastor.

EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited to attend. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Third. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11 a. m.; choir, 12:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.; vespers, 4:30 p. m.; Benediction, 7:30 p. m. St. Paul street, west end. P. J. O'NEILL, Pastor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Y. F. & M. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, Y. F. & M. M. are held in the hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. Wm. Barker, N. G.

JOHN DAVISON, W. M.

JOSEPH L. VIRE, Sec'y.

O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 and held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. Wm. Barker, N. G.

W. W. VANCE, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.

Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday of each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.

ED. SLOAN, Foreman.

DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTH PACIFIC MAIL—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:45 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sundays, at 7:45 a. m.

PORTS—Leave for Fort Stevens, Berthold and Bottleville, Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Berthold, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 p. m.

Leave for Fort Stevens and Sully and all down river ports daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m. arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.

Leave for Fort Keoch and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 1 p. m.

BLACK HILLS—Leaves daily at 8 p. m. Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, from 7 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1890.

When proof of abandonment in home- stead cases is furnished and forwarded to the department a new entry is allowed without waiting for the action of the department on the application for cancellation.

It is announced that Carl Schurz, the man who takes care of the Indians and keeps up the dutch end of the administration, is to soon marry his private Secretary Miss Annie E. Irish, daughter of Col. Irish chief of the bureau of engraving and printing.

The republicans held a convention at Jamestown last Saturday and elected Maj. L. Lyon and Marshall McClure as delegates to the Fargo convention. McClure is the editor of the *Alert*, the lively and enterprising paper of the James river valley. He is not much on politics but honest and independent.

The *Kirk*, large county *News* is added to the list of Dakota papers. It is published at Desmet the county seat, is a five column quarto, and commences its perilsous career as the pioneer paper of a county organized but last March, and will grow up with the county. Its name represents that thing it wishes it success.

Hon. I. W. BARNUM, who is at his farm at Sanborn, Barr's county, D. T., has announced through the *Power Press* that he is not a candidate for the governorship of the Territory, and would not accept it under any considerations. The newspapers nominated him, and his first intimation of it was an article published in the Northern Pacific Times. The Hon. I. W. B. says "he is here to help develop this magnificent country and nothing more."

The house appropriation bill gives to the Missouri river above the mouth of the Yellowstone \$25,000 for river improvements. This is, although not a large sum for the amount of work needed, more than was expected the committee would allow. Through the energy and good management of Delegates Bennett and McGinnis this amount has been secured, and if properly disbursed will greatly aid our river navigation.

A report is circulating that the St. Paul and Manitoba road, backed by the Chicago & Northwestern company, will extend the Crookston-Toucan branch, now under construction. This will take the road through the rich land of Northern Dakota, which will soon demand some such outlet for her products, if immigration into that country continues at its present rate. The route of the road would be through the center of the great wheat belt and directly west through the best country of the extreme north to the Rocky mountains. This road will be built as a matter of necessity in the course of time, but is present in embryo. The project, however, will induce settlers to this part of Dakota, when no room can be found on the line of the Northern Pacific, that already traverses the same wheat country further south, in a milder climate, and is reaching the famous grazing lands of the Yellowstone.

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DEADWOOD papers are full of accounts of the big steal in funding the county indebtedness. The ring has busted. A county commissioner bearing the euphonious name of Jones, who sold his vote, has squealed, and given away the rascally transactions of the crowd. The guilty parties are under arrest and being examined. Great excitement prevails in our sister city of many golden hills, and the devil is to pay generally. The authorities deserve commendation for the thoroughness in sifting the affair. It is to be regretted, however, that so young and successful a city should find corruption in high places to blacken a page in its early history, and it would establish a good precedent if the offenders, whoever they may prove to be, meet with summary punishment and not be treated to a farcical trial and conviction like the Pennsylvania legislators whose case somewhat resembles the Deadwood business only on a larger scale.

A BUSINESS man of Bismarck has in his possession a paper printed at Dartmouth, New Hampshire, in May 1795, called the *Eagle*. It is yellow with age, but very newsy, containing the latest received by mail from Europe, and editorially is very independent and proud of the young republic, and Washington, whom it speaks of as the greatest of American freemen. Even at this early age in the history of the nation, national conventions seemed to be run by the ring, and met to wrangle and fight as they do at the present day. The comment on the British king's salary is amusing. It says: "The salary which the British Parliament allows to the first magistrate of that kingdom (called the king) exceeds twelve thousand dollars a day! Happy people! Modest king!—to support himself and a numerous family on this small pittance of only eight dollars and a quarter a minute!—and to this may add the glory of being ruled by a king. When we look to other countries how unhappy must they be. For instance America allows its president for a year's salary the enormous sum of two days' pay of a British king!—and this is to a president—how insignificant the sound, almost as disgusting to a delicate ear as a national convention."

THE *Fargo Argus*, for the past three weeks has been making "much ado about nothing," and slinging in editorials by the wholesale demolishing Bismarck and everything connected with it. THE *TRIBUNE*'s policy, as far as Dakota's interests are concerned, has always been the progressive policy and nothing has been left undone to advance any movement or scheme that would tend to advance the interests of the territory and thus far we have found no time or disposition to criticize or question our neighbors that may perhaps occupy glass palaces. Forbearance almost ceases to be a virtue, however, as day after day these venomous missives, loaded with threats dire and foul, are flaunted to the breeze in the editorial columns of the *Argus*. Whatever may have been said or written by the "irresponsible little cuss" is no matter of THE *TRIBUNE*, but as to consigning Bismarck, its "bull whackers, stevedores, and nomadic steamboatmen" to a sudden perdition, we must interpose an objection. Our town is booming with business of all kinds; our people are happy and prosperous; our lands are fast being settled, a family for each quarter section. We have no twenty-five thousand acre farms owned by corporations, nor do we want any; money is plenty and the outlook more favorable than ever. Contentment is ours. Waste your spleen in some other direction, Major, and don't snap at our heels longer. Life is too short and time too precious in this business community, to notice further any such lavish overflow of a disordered digestion.

THE *TRIBUNE* published an article on the Yogo mines of Montana last week, predicting a grand rush to these rich placer diggings. The fever is spreading and hundreds are on the way to the "You-go" gold field. Gold dust valued at between \$200 and \$300 has been brought into Helena and is said to be "beautiful looking dust in very fine particles of excellent quality." The *Benton Record* thus describes the stampeders: "The days of '69 are returning to Benton, and soon the cry will be heard: 'Ho! for Fort Benton, Yogo and the gold mines!' Reports continue to arrive daily, promising beyond a doubt the existence of rich mineral deposits in the Barker and Yogo mining districts. The leopards in the former district consist of silver bearing quartz, while in the Yogo district both gold and silver bearing quartz lodes have been discovered, as well as extensive placers. The close proximity of these new mines to Benton is already producing good effects, the town being located at the head of navigation and within two days' travel of the new mines.

Good news continues to arrive daily from the Judith mines. Claim owners have so much confidence in the richness of the gulch that work has been suspended on many of the claims for the purpose of building suitable quarters to live in. There appears to be a general feeling of confidence among the miners that the camp will prove one of the richest in the territory. Teams are leaving here daily and the stampeders numbered sixty-five in one day from Benton to Yogo. The Martinsdale mail carrier reports that a great many teams and men are going into the mines from Bozeman, Yellowstone and some from the Black Hills. All the surplus men have left this town, and none are returning with bad reports. Many old residents are shaping themselves for a new departure by moving permanently to the new camp."

THE spring raids of the red skins are in full blast as usual, reports coming from all parts of Montana and the frontier of Dakota, of daily depredations. This is to be expected so long as the present policy is pursued by the government in the management of "poor Lo." These depredations are not committed entirely by hostiles. Fifty head of horses were run off from the Yellowstone canyon last week by a party of Flatheads from the Missonia reservation. The stock was re-captured and sixteen of the Flatheads. Gen. Miles is away which probably emboldens the red skins, who know the stuff that our Indian fighter is made of. More than the usual spring allowance of thefts and murders have occurred. Two men more murdered on Beaver creek last week and in the neighborhood of the Belle Fourche depredations are of almost daily occurrence until the settlers are waxing wroth and propose to take the matter in their own hands. The *Deadwood Times* of the 2nd says: "Friday night there was an Indian raid through the valleys of the Red, water and the Belle Fourche, and from the reports we get they made a clean sweep, driving off all the horses they could find and some few cattle. This thing is becoming monotonous, and if it is kept up much longer some persons are liable to get hurt. These ranchmen are slow to wrath, and generally act from principle, but if driven to it will organize and as soon as the grass is up sufficiently to feed their horses will take to the war-path; and when they do they will start out for the summer, and some of the agencies may expect a raid. They will not be very particular what Indians they kill, but will operate on the principle that nits make lice, and will make such a thorough rounding up that, in the end, their stock and their lives will be safe on their ranches. They have been looking to government for protection, but when they ask for bread they are given a stone, and they are becoming disgusted with the kind of protection that the military afford.

When a raid is made the military are called upon, and usually in two or three days an expedition is fitted out, two or three companies of cavalry are formed in line, a few big mule teams are hitched up and loaded with grub, and when everything is in military readiness the order to march is given, and they proceed just as fast as a mule team can go across a country without any road to travel in. By this time the Indians are a hundred or more miles in advance, and the oldest inhabitant has never yet known of their killing an Indian or recovering a horse. They never even get near enough to them to see them, and after driving around the country until their rations are exhausted they return to the post covered with glory, and in the days that follow they get together and organize a mutual admiration society and tell over the hair breath escapes they had upon the Little Missouri on that last expedition. The ranchmen have become disgusted with this kind of warfare, and propose taking the matter into their own hands.

THE *Jamestown Alert* says a new banking house is to be started in that city with \$100,000 capital, and that J. W. Raymond of Bismarck, R. E. Wallace, of New Castle, Pa., and S. R. McGinnis, of New Castle, are to be the principals of the concern. Mr. Raymond ran one of the first stores in Jamestown and is extensively acquainted in the Red River country. Verily Jamestown's boometh.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

Gen. Miles is in New York.

Capt. Badger was in town Saturday.

Capt. Gibson, of the 7th Cavalry, is residing in New York.

Maj. Edward Bell, 7th Cavalry, has gone to Washington.

Lieut. S. R. Douglass, 7th Cavalry, and wife arrived Tuesday.

Lieut. H. D. Huntington, 2d Cavalry, and wife are registered at the Sheridan.

Lieut. Mansfield, 11th Infantry, was in the city this week en route for Fort Custer.

Lieut. Thos. Sharp, 17th Infantry, Fort Yates, has been granted one month's leave.

Lieut. B. D. Spillman, 7th Cavalry, arrived from the east Wednesday on his way to Ft. Meade.

Lieut. Colonel Geo. L. Febiger, deputy paymaster-general, is announced as chief paymaster of the department of Dakota.

Lieut. Ernest A. Garlington, 7th Cavalry, came in from the east Friday last on his way to his post at Fort Meade.

Lieut. Ingalls came in from the Bad Lands Wednesday on a purchasing trip for the farm being cultivated by Capt. Baker's company.

Maj. and Mrs. Kirk and Lieut. Grimes made a brief visit to Fort Yates with a party of ladies and gentlemen on the steamer Sherman Wednesday.

It is reported unofficially that companies F, G and A of the 7th Cavalry, will be ordered to the Northern Pacific extension under Major Meier.

Lieut. A. L. Wagner and three privates came over from Lincoln yesterday, and go to camp with a prisoner, under sentence for one year in Ft. Leavenworth penitentiary.

THE *Army & Navy Journal* says, "Bismarck, Dakota, seems quite a military center for the far west, the neighboring post of Fort Lincoln adding greatly to the attractions of the city."

Lieut. Wilkinson and family went east Monday morning. The lieutenant has a month's leave and will go to Texas. Mrs. Wilkinson's home, where she may remain during the summer.

Lieut. Geo. S. Grimes, acting signal officer, went to Yates on the Sherman Wednesday to superintend the laying of the telegraph cable of the government line across the river at that point.

The 25th Infantry will be transferred to Yankton for distribution in this department as soon as necessary preparations can be conveniently made, as will be seen by the order published in this column.

Paymaster Maynader and G. B. Maynader arrived Tuesday. The major pays Forts Yates, Lincoln and Stevenson. The paymaster will take in the extension, Col. Merrill's command, on the next trip.

The St. Louis Light Guard have honorary lady members. Miss Morrison is brevet captain, and Miss Ella Sturges, daughter of the general, is brevet lieutenant. Both were tendered a serenade by the Guards last week.

Col. Merrill, of Fort Yates, 7th Cavalry, arrived at the Sheridan Tuesday. The colonel will have command of the ten companies to be stationed on the Northern Pacific for the protection of the road men and the surveying parties through the Yellowstone country.

Fifty head of horses were stolen from a man named Nelson Story in the Yellowstone canyon. Capt. G. L. Taylor, 2nd Cavalry, started in pursuit and recovered the stock and captured sixteen Flathead Indians from the Missonia reservation, whither they were going.

A double wedding came off at Fortress Monroe last Thursday (23rd) Lieut. Murray and Lieut. Clark, 1st Artillery, to Miss Nellie and Miss Sadie DeBussey, daughters of General DeBussey. The secretary of war and Gen. Sherman were present. It was one of the most cheerful affairs of the season, attended by all the army and navy officers of Norfolk and Fortress Monroe, and numbers of distinguished guests from abroad.

Major-general Samuel P. Hentzelman, one of the most distinguished commanders of the late war, died May 1st. He was a native of Pennsylvania and graduated at the academy in 1858, served in the Florida and Mexican wars and was retired with full rank of major-general in 1869. He formerly commanded the 17th Infantry. The general of the army says: "Gen. Hentzelman was a man of intense nature, of vehement action guided by sound judgment and cultivated taste, universally respected and beloved. At a ripe old age he leaves us, universally regretted. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. May your end be as peaceful and much deplored as his. The funeral took place Monday, and the remains sent to Buffalo for interment."

Quite a stir in army circles was produced this week by the order issued from headquarters at St. Paul, making changes through out the entire department. The remaining companies of the 7th Infantry at Fort Snelling have been ordered to the department of the Missouri. Gen. Pope's command. The companies will probably join the eight companies of the same regiment now in the White river district of Colorado and Utah and establish a new post at that point. Company "B," Capt. E. P. Pearson, Lieut. Brennan and Mann; and company "H," Capt. H. S. Howe, Lieut. Ozle and Chubb, of the 17th Infantry, now at Fort Yates, will take the place of those companies leaving Snelling. Ten companies from the various posts will be detailed to different points along the line of the Northern Pacific extension to afford protection to the laborers and the parties of surveyors in the Yellowstone country and the settlers in this section from the roving bands of Indians that are already committing depredations in the up country. The headquarters of these troops will probably be at the terminus of the Little Missouri, where a post has been built and Capt. Baker's company is now stationed. A large detail of cavalry is expected to be made from the 7th and the command of the troops has been given to Major Lewis Merrill, of the 7th, who came up from Fort Meade Tuesday.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK, D. T.

TONSorial ARTISTS

W. H. W. COMER,

Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

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DR. J. S. FRAME,

SCIENTIFIC VETERINARIAN.

The only one in the city. Keeps a full line of Horse and Cattle Medicines always on hand at Comerford & Malloy's Livery Stable, No. 17, Fourth St.

WM. GLITSCHKA,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

SINGER Sewing Machine.

Can and try before you buy. Elegant finish, best materials, and finest work. Warranted 3 years. Keep in order free. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try us and save money. No risk. Economy. Exporters, 43 Third St., Chicago.

DAKOTA

A copy of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, (special and illustrated edition) containing full information in relation to the public and railroad lands of Dakota, the Black Hills mining interests, and the grazing lands of the Yellowstone sent on receipt of three 3 cent stamps. This issue will be published about April 20th. Address: THE BUREAU, Bismarck, Dakota.

AMERICAN REPRINT OF THE

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

J. M. Bull, Bismarck, Agent for Northern Dakota.

Sample copies at the Parsonage, on Fifth St.

CHEER.

Bring our Sterling Chemical Works—New or needs trimming—No smoke or smell—10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co., 129 Clark St., Chicago.

DRY GOODS

W. B. WATSON

HAS JUST RECEIVED

An elegant assortment of all kinds of new and desirable goods for Spring and Summer, including

Very elegant Silk and Wool Novelties; every new color in Cashmere, Momie Cloth and Bunting, and a full line of other new Dress Fabrics, including the new Silk Ponges or China Silk in natural color.

NEW STYLES OF TRIMMINGS.

We have an immense quantity to match every variety of color and ranging at all prices. The new styles this season include the finest French, Persian, Oriental and Japanese Colorings imported. Special attention is called to our line of

SILKS.

Black, White and Colored Gros Grain Silks; Black, White and Colored Marceline Silks; Black White and Colored Foulard Silks; also same variety of Satins, Fancy Twilled and Striped Silks; Striped and Fancy Gauzes; Grenadines, Plushes, and all new styles.

CRAPES.

Black English Crapes, in all widths and qualities. A splendid stock of Black Dress Fabrics, including Black Armures, Shoodah Cloths and the best Cashmeres in the market. Our immense stock of

HAMBURG

Is Full and Complete in Every Respect

A FINE STOCK OF PARASOLS AND SILK UMBRELLAS, ALSO PAPER, JAPANESE, COTTON AND SILK FANS.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

GLOVES—Ladies' Berlin Gauntlets, Misses' Berlin Gloves, Ladies' Silk Gloves and Lace Mitts of all kinds. We also have a fine line of 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 16 button Kids.

HOSIERY—Ladies' Plaid and Striped, in all Styles. Ladies' Balbriggans, Misses' and Children's White Cotton and Fancy Hose.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests and Drawers. Ladies' Union Suits; Complete assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

NOTIONS.

All the Novelties that the Market affords. Ladies' Furnishing and Fancy Goods in elegant variety. Corsets, Ruchings, Collars and Cuffs, Ties and Bows, Laces, Imitation and Real. Linen handkerchiefs, Zephyrs and Yarns Working Canvasses, Fancy Goods, pertaining to Yarns, Jewelry and Novelties in Fancy Goods, Buttons and Small Wares, Cotton and Linen Threads. Best assortment of Housekeeping Linens in the Northwest. For anything you want call or send to

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Stoves and Tinware, Whips and Lashes.

Agencies—Deere & Co's Plows, Buckeye Mowers and Reapers, J. H. Thomas & Sons' Hay Rakes, Boks Axes and Hatchets, Sanford & Co's Whips, Union Co's cutlery.

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Fine Merchant Tailor

No. 10 North Fourth St., Bismarck, D. T.,

A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

Repairing Neatly Done.

LOST IN THE BAD LANDS.

An Employee of the Keogh Mail Route Snow-Blind.
Considerable worry was experienced along the line of the Keogh mail route during the past week on account of the station keeper at Spring Ranch getting lost. A correspondent furnishes us with the following particulars: "Frank Evans, station keeper at Spring Ranch, five miles east of Knife River, took the place of Mr. Finch and drove east for him as far as Muddy Station. He left Muddy Monday morning the 26th ult. at seven o'clock for Spring station where driver Finch was to relieve him. Jack Nolan and J. McKenny left Muddy soon after and drove through the snow, following Evan's trail until about twelve o'clock and found themselves lost on the prairie. They were still on Evan's trail but retraced their steps and did not travel far before both men became snow-blind and wandered about not being able to make the road again until Wednesday afternoon when they arrived at Spring ranch. Nothing had been heard of Evan. The driver west had come east on his regular trip. Reaching Muddy station and finding no Evan there hurried back to Spring ranch. Thursday morning Finch started out horseback to look for Evan, the lost man, and Nolan came with the up driver to Knife River. Mr. Trux also took provisions and started out after some trace of Evan. Both men are still out."

Since the above was written the lost has been found. It seems Evan got snow-blind after being out but a few hours and did not recover his sight until after three days had expired when he found himself in the Bad Lands on the Hart river. He met some trappers on the river who kindly furnished him with provisions and directed him on his way to the Spring ranch station. He was out just seven days and had but four meals in that time, those being furnished by the trappers. An expedition in search of him started from Bismarck Monday but returned Tuesday with the good news of the missing man's safe arrival.

Extension Notes.
(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)
A serious accident occurred to a laborer named Haley, who was working in an excavation in Donahoe's contract. The bank caved in seriously injuring him. He is rapidly recovering under the careful treatment of Dr. Foster.

J. M. Carnahan, "Bad Land" Carney became homesick and pines for the attraction of Bismarck. He engaged passage to the end of the track and will probably surprise his many friends by his arrival in Bismarck Wednesday.

S. C. Walker is making rapid progress with his work of late, it being supervised by Mr. McDougall. Some of the fills have about a thousand yards of dirt in them.

Mr. Bertrand, in the employ of H. A. Bruns & Co., as coming up with a stock of goods, and will open a store near Trite and Gillets Camp.

Bob McKee, a contractor is at work on his contract, and is rushing things lively. Some of the boys that spent the winter in Bismarck and Mandan are with Bob, improving their health and muscle, and doing well generally.

Commander Newport, of the firm of Newport & Lee, wears a smile since he can see daylight through that cut. Prospects are that things will be very lively on the extension this summer, and every one is preparing to make the best of it.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
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AUSTIN LOGAN.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
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BAKERY.
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400 BUSHELS OF POTATOES
For Sale Cheap.
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REED'S TONIC
GILT EDGE TONIC
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and biliousness, and all cases of debility. It has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the artificial compound of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Tonic.

FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

BANK STATEMENTS.
Report of the condition of the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK.	
At Bismarck, in the Territory of Dakota, at the close of business, April 23, 1889.	
ASSETS.	
Loans and discounts	\$81,489.23
Overdrafts	418.61
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	7,372.68
Due from approved reserve agents	157.62
Due from other National Banks	352.08
Due from State banks and bankers	5,916.54
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	2,274.50
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,025.17
Interest on loans	1,053.13
Checks and other cash items	1,180.39
Bill of other banks	10,195.25
Fractional currency, (including gold Treasury certificates)	104.05
Legal tender notes	3,097.65
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	9,000.00
Total	\$170,835.87
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Undivided profits	4,477.82
National Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	48,069.04
Time certificates of deposit	4,340.21
Time certificates of deposit	17,818.83
Due to other National Banks	706.45
Due to State banks and bankers	693.23
Total	\$170,835.87

TERMINAL OF DAKOTA, 1889
COUNTY OF BURLEIGH, 1889
I, C. H. FAIRCHILD, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of April, 1889.
FRANK R. BOW, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
H. R. PORTER, DAN. EISENBERG, ASA FISHER, Directors.

INSURANCE.
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Connecticut.....\$ 1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe.....29,000,000
Traders.....839,000
La Confiance.....5,000,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg.....1,833,000
Hamburg-Bremer.....1,234,000
German-American.....2,619,000
49th F. J. CALL, Agent.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in
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BISMARCK, D. T.

LAND NOTICE.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., April 7th, 1889. Complaint having been entered at this office by Hugo McGuire against Wm. B. Winston for abandoning his timber culture entry No. 25, dated October 16, 1877, upon the north east quarter of section 10, township 132, range 80, in Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of May, 1889, at 1 o'clock p. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MAXTON, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

RESTAURANT
1873 1880
Forster's Restaurant
(Established May, 1873.)
The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.
Board by the day or week.
Meals at all hours.

SECRET SOCIETY UNIFORMS.
ESTABLISHED 1815.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Manufacturers of Military, Society Regalia, and Theatrical Goods, Band Equipments, etc., etc., Knight Templar Uniforms, Flags, Banners and Bunting.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,
Catalogue sent on Application. Fifth & Cherry Sts., Phil'a.

MONITOR PLOW WORKS,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Manufactures the Celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Road and Railroad Plows, Scrapers, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Cane Plows, etc., etc.
All goods Warranted First-Class. Prices Reasonable. Send for Catalogue. For Sale By Wm. Harmon & Co. Fort Lincoln, D. T.

SHIRTS.
TAKE NOTICE.
Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.
Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I guarantee a perfect fit to all material used. Shirts turned out on short notice from \$7.50 up.
Taish St., next door to Mrs. Ives' Millinery.
MRS. JANE COOPER.

LEGAL
Mortgage Sale.
DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made and executed by Patrick D. Byrne and Catherine Byrne his wife, mortgagees, to M. P. Slattery, mortgagee, bearing date the 17th day of February, A. D. 1879, whereby the said mortgagee did grant, gain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, his heirs and assigns forever, the following described land and real estate, situate, lying and being in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: the north half of the south east quarter of Section number two (2) in Township number one hundred and thirty-eight (138) of Range number eighty (80), West, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and ninety dollars (\$390.00), according to the condition of said mortgage, one year from date with interest at twelve (12) per cent per annum until paid, and given by the said Patrick Byrne to the said M. P. Slattery, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, on the 22nd day of March, 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in Book "B" of Mortgages on page "115." And Whereas there is due on said Note and Mortgage at the date of this notice, for principal and interest the sum of four hundred thirty-nine dollars and seventy-nine cents (\$439.79) and the sum of thirty dollars attorney's fees in the cash of the mortgagee as attorney's fees in the cash of the mortgagee, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgage premises, at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh county, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the City Hall in the City of Bismarck, the place held, said sale to be on the 31st day of April, 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day of April, 1889, and Mortgage together with the sum of thirty dollars attorney's fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated March 11th, 1889.
M. P. SLATTERY, Plaintiff
FLANNERY & WETHERLY, Mortgagee
Attorneys for Mortgagee.

HIDES
GEO. OSBORN, Established 1863, H. M. HOSICK, Chicago, Des Moines, Ia.
CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.
CASH PAID FOR
Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.
Oberne, Hosick & Co.,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.
Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Houses:
Omaha 25 & 30 Harvey St.
Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming, Ter. 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 50 Main St.
Des Moines, Iowa, W. M. & Second St.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Bismarck, Dakota. Pueblo, Colorado.

MEAT MARKET
MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets,
JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,
POULTRY, GAME,
Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.

HOTEL
J. G. MALLOY. P. F. MALLOY.
WESTERN HOUSE,
MALLOY BROS., Prop.
BISMARCK, DAKOTA
The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurbished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

SEWING MACHINES.
LUMBER
C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
Dealers in
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.
Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of Buildings, Plans and Specifications.
Estimates furnished on short notice.

TAILORING
MERCHANT TAILORING.
GOULD & DAHL.
We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine
IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS
AND PANTS GOODS.
Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.
Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by looking over our orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.
LIVERY STABLE
SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable,
First-Class in Every Respect.
NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS
Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.
Office at the Sheridan House.
STOYELL & LAIR, Proprietors
WALTER MANN, Pres., G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash.
St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.
Proposals for Fresh Beef.
Office Chief, S. Dept. of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn., April 20, 1889.
SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office, and the office of the Commissary of Subsistence at Bismarck, until 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1889, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders, for furnishing such quantities of Fresh beef from the Bismarck Army, at Fort Buford, A. Lincoln, Meade, Yates, Bennett, Sully, Randall, Pembina, and Totten, D. T., during the fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1889.

Proposals will be received up to and opened, at the same hour at the several posts by the respective Commissaries of such posts, each post Commissary receiving proposals for his own post only.

It is expressly understood that the contracts made under this advertisement, shall not be obligated for payment in excess of the appropriation granted by Congress for the purpose. Bank Proposals, and printed circulars giving detailed information, as to the quality of beef, manner of bidding, conditions to be observed by bidders, etc., may be obtained on application to the undersigned, or to the Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence at any of the posts. The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Proposals should be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Fresh Beef" at Fort (here insert the name of the post) and addressed to the undersigned to Capt. W. A. Elderkin, C. S. A., Bismarck, D. T., or to the A. C. S. at the post bid for.

M. R. MORGAN,
Major and C. S. U. S. A.

BANK
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK,
Bismarck, Dakota.
Paid up Capital \$50,000
DIRECTORS:
WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD,
H. R. PORTER, ASA FISHER,
DAN EISENBERG.
CORRESPONDENTS:
American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.
First Nat. Bank, Chicago.
Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.
Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.
Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe, by several of the principal lines of steamboats.

LAUNDRY
WESTERN LAUNDRY,
No. 21, Fourth St.
I have opened a first-class Laundry at the above named place, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored.
Ladies and Gents' Fine Clothes a Specialty.
Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part of the city.
FRANK HOBERT.

JEWELERS
E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.
Day & Plants,
Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.
LUMBER
C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
Dealers in
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.
Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of Buildings, Plans and Specifications.
Estimates furnished on short notice.

TAILORING
MERCHANT TAILORING.
GOULD & DAHL.
We represent one of the best cloth houses in Philadelphia, and are constantly in receipt of fine
IMPORTED & DOMESTIC COATINGS
AND PANTS GOODS.
Of the latest styles for the Spring Trade.
Our work defies competition. You will always find the most economy and the greatest satisfaction by looking over our orders for clothing at the Bismarck Tailoring Establishment.

GOULD & DAHL.
LIVERY STABLE
SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable,
First-Class in Every Respect.
NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS
Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.
Office at the Sheridan House.
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St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

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St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
McLean & Macnider,
Wholesale Grocers.
Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter
No. 54 Main St., BISMARCK D. T.

MACHINERY.
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
Thrashing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.
THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the Grain-Raising World.
WATCHLESS for Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Cleaning, Rapid and Thorough Work.
INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Perfection of Parts, Superior Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Beauty of Model.
HARVESTERS for steady superior work in all kinds of Grain, and universally known as the only successful Thrasher in Flax, Timothy, Clover, and all other Seeds.
Features of Power, Durability, Safety, Economy, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steam-Power, and specially, Four and Six Horse-Powers, from six to twelve horse power; also two styles Improved Mounted Horse-Powers.
Thirty-Two Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, location, or management, furnishes a strong guarantee for superior goods and honorable dealing.
CAUTION! The wonderful success and popularity of our Vibrator Machinery has drawn the attention of many cheap imitators, who are now attempting to build and sell of inferior and untested imitations of our famous goods.
BE NOT DECEIVED by such experimental and worthless machinery. If you buy at all, get the "Original" and the "Genuine" from us.
For full particulars on our dealers, or write to us for Illustrated Circulars, which we mail free. Address NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC
JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN
Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
FURNISHING GOODS,
Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.
GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.
New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

STAGE LINES
Bismarck and Ft. Buford
STAGE AND EXPRESS
AND
U. S. MAIL.
Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.
Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck at 8 a. m.
For express, freight or passage apply to
JOHN LEANER, Agent at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

SAMPLE ROOMS
GEO. ELDER,
Proprietor
"O. F. C." SALOON,
14 North 4th Street.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys.

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.
Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

CAPITOL SALOON,
No. 62, Main Street.
Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.
Best Stocked Bar in the City.
A. kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasant place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night.
GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

MEDICAL
DR. FELLER'S
Private
MEDICAL DISPENSARY.
42 Jefferson Street, Saint Paul Minnesota.
(Four doors from Merchant's Hotel.)
Speedily Cures all Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, without the use of Mercury or hindrance from business.
NO CURE NO PAY
Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, and all other lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing blotches, sore throat, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, are cured by FELLER'S
Young, Middle Aged and Old Men, who are suffering from the terrible effects of Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, and loss of Seminal Power, as the result of self-abuse in youth or excesses of mature years, producing emaciation, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, respiratory deficiency, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured in a short time, where all others have failed, by Dr. F.
The doctor is a regular graduate of many years experience in this specialty. His remedies have been used for over thirty years, and he has never failed in curing even the worst cases. He is able to guarantee a certain and speedy cure for all troubles of a private nature. Consultation personally or by letter free. Cases and correspondence strictly confidential. Write for List of Questions. His patients are being treated by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1:30 to 5 p. m., Sundays excepted.

Galenic Medical Institute.
45 EAST THIRD ST.
SAINT PAUL MINN.
Established 1861, for the cure of Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases, including Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, etc.
The Physicians of this old and reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases, are regular graduates, and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken and may be consulted personally or by letter.
No Fee Till Cured
Sufferers from any of these ailments, before consulting others should understand their cases and the latest improved treatment adopted at our Institute, by reading our books.
THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Diseases, with the anatomy and physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing 200 pages, and over 100 plates and engravings, sent on receipt of fifty cents and handling charges.
A Private Medical Pamphlet of 82 pages and chart of Questions for sifting case sent free.
All business strictly confidential. Office hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m., Sunday excepted.
Address as above.

MILLINERY
MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.
DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,
East Main Street.
First-Class Work Guaranteed.

BEAUTIFUL NELL.
There's a winsome wee lass
That none can surpass;
Her eyes are merry and blue
By the pensive smile
At the foot of the hill,
Lives she that's tender and true.

Where the stream dips o'er
The white sandy floor,
We gather the pebbles and shells;
And twine in her hair
Twine fillets plucked there,
And call her my beautiful Nell.

Beyond the tall cliff,
In our own little shrine,
While I dream away for hours
She is joyous and gay.
As a sunny May day,
And her arms are laden with flowers.

And shall she be mine?
Where the green vines twine
And clamber out early to view,
Lives one to obey
That proudly says nay.
"This mother, and—what shall I do?"

LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowadays Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old '49 California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions except one new-fangled one of mining stock in companies—I believe they call it "feet." Among my various undertakings, was one operation in a tunnel in which I and my partners engaged in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few exceptions of rather a forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper which had been placed under the stone which caused my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. I picked it up and proceeded to examine it. It was written in characters very irregular as it made by a person with a wounded hand, and written with a pencil. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform him that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, twenty paces due north of this, a bag containing \$5,000 in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me is the wish of

ANDREW FORREST."

I stood for some moments after reading the letter, like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was genuine, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log and turned the matter over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "conformation strong as Holy Writ," and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging, and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see that I had not mistaken any of its directions. No, I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and looking up I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparation for their supper. As an excuse I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for some time, but without much effect. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the heavy rains."

On close examination we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined to commence digging early on the following morning.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down for it as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine by following it up than by digging down in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way they thought they might "make grub" while searching for hidden money. I thought the idea very foolish, but as they entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search that I had become utterly regardless of almost every thing else. I had dreamed of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked, I digging and my companions washing, yet strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was sound asleep, I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely

covered by a mass of stones and dirt. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and in a manner, buried me alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident I was convinced that there was no cause to fear danger from that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day, so there was no need to hope for their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by human beings' lungs, but like most everybody else had merely wondered at the time, and then forgotten the figures.

How much I would have given to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, how was I to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was very likely that all I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall in from above. This was pleasant! I racked my poor brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but in vain.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself down on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not direct it so that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the out let of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl through it? Even if I only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me at least to exist until my partners could come to my rescue.

Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and, to my great joy, ascertained that I could easily direct it by butting a channel out of the sides of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel.

The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen.

After cutting a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and rejoiced to see that it flowed with redoubled vigor. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then waited for further action of the water.

In a few minutes I could push it further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing the pick handle against it, I pushed both as far as possible. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, but was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon dissolved into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself.

Larger and larger the opening grew: lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough to place my head in and call loudly for assistance.

Just as I was throwing my head back I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, and which but for the accident I never would have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned, said Jack, as he shook my hand, 'I am glad to see you're safe, old fellow, the more so as Bill and I am deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all summer to get you into a tunnelling operation, and you have only laughed at us.'"

"Yes," I said, "when you got that letter we made up our minds that we would go in to the job with you; not with the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you'd work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending meanwhile to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy, we have not made less than \$300 any day since we began."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you," I asked.

"Of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and intend going on looking for it," said I.

"Now, what is the use of being foolish?" quoth Bill Jennings. "We have got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may," said I, "I intend to follow it up."

"Well, Ned, we may as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunnelling."

"And the 'blazed tree,'" said I, "how about that? The blaze is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated. "Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree, and wrote that letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" I asked, showing him the bag I found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag we found about \$3,000 worth of gold. Jack would never confess, but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough there was no connection between the two. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money between us.

The Penalty.

For every sin committed, every error, we must pay the penalty. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.

ALL SORTS.

In at the death—A bullet.

ADVICE to persons thinking of divorce—Never dis-pair.

Why is D like a drunkard's life? Because it ends bad.

NEARLY every man gets his rights at last—his funeral rites.

A GOOD word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

THE center of gravity—The lowest button on a Quaker's vest.

CARS have no fixed political belief. They're usually on the fence.

SOME one wants to know how many feet there are in the depth of despair.

A CARPENTER is about the only man who is mad when he can't find his level.

Let nature give a young man cheek, and all other things will be added unto him.

THIS is a very gentle world if you do not rub it back the wrong way of the fur.

IN this country it was Powhatan who originated the idea of getting-up a club.

KITE tails will feel lost when telegraph wires have been put under ground.

THE distance from Panama to Aspinwall by water is 10,000 miles; by land it is 47½ miles.

THE first musical instrument built on the plan of an organ, with pipes and tubes, was constructed in 757.

IF you want eggs in winter never keep old hens. When a hen is 3 years old sell her for a spring chicken.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER says that children should never be stupidly joked at when they blunder in answering a question.

STAGNANT and impure water which cows drink while at pasture is one of the most prominent causes of bad odor in milk.

NEVER touch lettuce with a knife, as it impairs the flavor and destroys the crispness of the leaf; always tear it apart with the fingers.

THE Frenchman who attended a fox-hunt was asked where the meet came off. Having been thrown, he replied that it came off his hands and knees.

SOUP A LA CHANTILLY.—Make a puree of green peas, or dried peas, toast bread cut into small pieces, and then fry. When cooked pour into soup and serve.

A WRITER in the Garden says that if potting soil is placed for a day or two in the hen-yard, every particle of it is dug over, and all grubs and eggs of insects are picked out.

FOR sleeplessness a high London authority recommends, instead of stimulants, a breakfast cup of hot beef tea made from half a teaspoonful of Leibig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

A YOUNG lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an overkiss."

SOUP A LA CONDE.—Boil some red beans, season with salt, and add two or three onions. Pass all through a colander, and butter to taste, and before serving add small pieces of fried toast.

THE ancient Egyptians were the first to enshrine the dead. They believed that the souls of the dead, after many thousand years, would re-inhabit their bodies if they were preserved entire. Some of the bodies buried 3,000 years ago are perfect to this day.

ARTIFICIAL fertilizers add to the soil certain elements in a condition in which they are immediately active; and force a strong, vigorous, early growth, and so enable the plants to push out a large number of feeding roots, which find out and appropriate the manure later, when it is in the best condition for plant food.

A LARGE elm tree stood on the spot where a man at Lewiston, N. Y., decided to build a residence. He did not cut it down, but built around it, and the odd sight is presented of a tree-top growing out of the roof of a handsome brick house.

THE Boston newspapers tell of a stage-struck woman who got a divorce from her husband in order to become an actress, failed dismally behind the footlights, returned to her home, and begged to be made a wife again, which was done by a remarriage.

THE following marriage, intended to break bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "Dear Madam—Your husband is unavoidably detained for the present. To-morrow an undertaker will call upon you with full particulars."

INVALID.—"I've had a wretched night, Mrs. Wobbles." Nurse—"Dear, dear me, sir! I thought you slept most comfortably!" Invalid—with a groan—"Oh, Mrs. Wobbles, do use the adverb." Nurse—"Yes, sir; I'll see about it directly, sir, but"—puzzled—"I really don't think there's one in the 'ouse, sir!"

ACCORDING to experiments of the Ontario (Canada) School of Agriculture, by adding \$5.40 worth of bone dust to farm-yard manure the crop of wheat was increased \$7.20 per acre. By adding nitrate of soda the value of the crop was increased \$10. Lucerne is deemed profitable, having a season from April to October.

A LITERARY curiosity has just been published in Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of them only one vowel is employed—in the first a, in the second e and in the third o, according to which the stories are entitled, "A-Saga," "E-Legend," "O-Sprook." It is said this could be accomplished in no other language.

A TRAVELING glazier has been arrested at Warrington, England, for stimulating the law of supply and demand. His method of creating trade was to throw a stone through a window in the evening and then appear in the morning to offer his services. But he overdid the business when he smashed seventeen panes of glass in the church, in one night, and came near hitting the landlord with the bowlder thrown through a plate-glass window of the Bull's Head Inn.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

HELD for a further hearing—The ear-trumpet.

SENSITIVE persons are always put out when taken in by sharpers.

A 3-CENT stamp becomes a sent stamp after you have mailed your letter.

"Hump!" said a young gentleman at a play with a young lady; "I could play the lover better than that myself."

"I would like to see you try," was the naive reply.

A CURIOUS YEAR.—The year 1881 is a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and right to left it reads the same; eighteen divided by two gives nine as a quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, nine is the quotient; if divided by nine, the quotient contains a nine; if multiplied by nine, the product contains two nines. One and eight are nine, eight and one are nine. If the eighteen be placed under the eighty-one and added, the sum is ninety-nine. If the figures be added thus, one, eight, eight, one, it will give eighteen. Reading from left to right is eighteen; and reading from right to left is eighteen, and eighteen is two-ninths of eighty-one. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen nines are produced, being one nine for each year required to complete the century.

MAGIC squares were known in the East in remote ages, but the earliest known writer on the subject was a Greek of the sixteenth century, named Moscopulus, whose work was translated into Latin by De la Hire, and read before the French Academy in 1691. Since that time the subject has been elaborated by a great many famous mathematicians, who have found in it an exhaustless field of study, and the combinations which have been made of compound squares, magic cubes, and what not, and the abstruse mathematical formulae by which their construction are explained, would terrify an unlearned reader. One of the squares gives by Moscopulus answers the terms of the new-fangled box-puzzle. We give it below, together with another arrangement of the same numbers:

1	15	14	4	1	16	11	6
12	6	7	9	13	4	7	10
8	10	11	5	5	9	14	3
13	3	2	16	12	5	2	15

The first arrangement is the more systematic, but the reader can work out others for himself.

THE origin of the allusion to New Jersey as a foreign country was as follows: After the fall of the first Napoleon his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, sought refuge in this country, bringing with them great wealth. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, having hopes of returning to Europe. To enable him, as an alien, to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed in several States, but failed. He was chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which granted both him and Prince Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a tract at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare pictures, sculpture, etc., were profuse and selected with the greatest care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste. Joseph Bonaparte's residence was perhaps the finest in America. Thousands of people from all parts of the country visited him, and were treated courteously. He was extremely liberal with his money, and gave great impetus to the business of the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money, and that he used it to benefit business generally, regretted, when too late, that they had refused to let him locate among themselves, and to keep their mortification, would continue to taunt Jerseymen with having a King—with importing the King of Spain to rule over them. They were called Spaniards on that account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jerseymen lost nothing by allowing him to settle among them, and thus foreigner, jokingly applied to Jerseymen, has come down to us long after its origin has been forgotten, except by a few of the past generation.

Cold in the Head.

Most people look upon a cold as a small matter. "Oh," they say, "it is nothing but a cold." And yet a cold may prove speedily fatal, or be a source of life-long harm. The danger is more apparent when we remember that a vigorous person but seldom takes cold, but mainly those persons in whom the power of vital resistance is already weakened.

A cold (may run rapidly into pneumonia. It may give rise to rheumatism, and thence to disease of the heart. It may throw itself with dangerous symptoms on the bowels. It may bring on a kidney complaint. It may inflame and close up the gall-ducts, and thus cause indescribable agony from the distention of the inflamed bladder by the accumulated bile. Finally, it may result in cold in the head.

The original attack—it is slight and brief fever—is general. The point of special harm is from the consequences which remain when the fever is over.

Of all colds it is generally thought that one in the head is of the least significance, beyond being annoying. But, at a late meeting of the New York Medical Society, a paper was read by Dr. Roosa, in which he declared it to be the most frequent cause of certain chronic diseases—and indeed of very many of the maladies which terminate life before the age of 70.

He added, "The first great precaution to be taken by each individual is to keep himself in good general condition, and, to do that, he must studiously avoid all that tends to disorder the skin and the functions of all the organs of the body."

"Children must be clothed in flannel the year round, and must be made to know that the staples of diet are milk, bread, meat, vegetables and fruit, and that tea, coffee, and pastry of all kinds are to be used only as the greatest of luxuries, and therefore in small quantities and at long intervals."

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MY LOVE.

O, my love is tall and slender,
Full of grace is she;
She's capricious, proud, or tender
As her mood may be.

O, her voice is like the merry
Ripple of a stream,
And her face it has the very
Sweetness of a dream.

Stalight in her hair reposes,
And her eyes are gray,
Born in June as are the roses,
She's as fair as they.

Shall I ever dare to woo her,
So unworthy I?
I'll give my heart unto her,
Will she pass it by?

Little dainty, fragrant blossom
Be my messenger,
When you lie upon her bosom,
Plead my cause with her.

Birds, O sing it sweet above her!
Breezes kiss her cheek,
Tell my darling how I love her,
For I dare not speak!

—Boston Traveller.

MRS. JONES' ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Jones came home one afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he felt out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this instance, as they often had in others.

But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said. She had been busy in her room all the afternoon. She did not know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and gone out, and had charged her to tell her husband that she would not be back till late in the evening. "I don't add particular business," said she.

"Oh, particular business!" growled Mr. Jones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has? I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same—probably all the more because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where she'd gone."

He went up to her room to see if she had worn some of her best clothes. "Because if she has," reasoned Jones, "she has gone off to have a good time with some one she cares more for than she does for me."

Mr. Jones' brow was blacker than a thunder cloud at the thought. He was in precisely that state of mind that makes mountains out of molehills.

But she hadn't worn any of her new clothes. "It can't be she's gone to a party," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's gone somewhere else, and wants to keep dark. It begins to look mysterious. A woman doesn't generally go off in this way without saying something to her husband, and wear her old clothes, without its meaning something, I've observed," said Mr. Jones solemnly to Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all means, anyhow."

It was at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing desk. It is a freshly-written page, beginning, "Dear Edward."

Mr. Jones' hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught sight of that name. Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she had gone to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath from beginning to end. It ran as follows:

"DEAR EDWARD.—I have read your very touching appeal over and over, until every word of it is stamped upon my heart. It has caused me to fight a terrible battle with myself. I love you and there is no use of me denying it. I cannot deceive myself, nor you, by so doing. My duty is to stay with my husband. I love him—despite him; as such I suppose he has a claim on me, in the eyes of the world, that you have not. But my darling, I love you and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with you. I will do as you wish me to. I will meet you at the oak tree to-night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall—"

And here, at the bottom of the page, the letter broke off very abruptly. The other side of the page was blank.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" that was the word that broke from Mr. Jones' lips when he finished. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. He felt he had been indulged in. He felt he had been indulged in. He felt he had been indulged in.

"His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger and surprise and a complete bewilderment."

"She loves him, does she?" he ejaculated, faintly. "And I'm a tyrant, am I? The wretched creature! She loathes me and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see—ten o'clock at the oak tree. I'll be there, my dear, and I'll teach your dear Edward something he won't forget. I'll go this blessed minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for you! I fancy we'll surprise you a little. Great Jehoshaphat!"

She's actually been deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and coax her to elope with him. I can't believe it, and yet can't doubt it, for here it is in her own writing. I wouldn't have believed it if it wasn't here in black and white; dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the awful blow! What will folks say? I shall be ashamed to meet anybody. Oh, it is awful—awful."

Mr. Jones wiped his face with his handkerchief, and looked the very picture of grief.

Mr. Jones was so "struck all of a heap," to use his own expression, by the terrible intelligence that he did not stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it had not been sent. He only realized that his wife was going to run away, and that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be there, my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly putting on his overcoat, preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there, and I'll give 'dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll Edward him."

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily and seated themselves behind a clump

of bushes near the place where the two main roads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones, "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made the officers titter.

"They waited and waited, and kept waiting. The ten o'clock train came in whispering shrilly. And still no signs of the woman or the man for whom they were waiting."

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen; he heard steps down the road. The night was dark and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in thinking he heard steps. Some one was coming.

"It's he, curse him!" muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lie low and mind what I say. Don't come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half kill him, but you keep off and let me be. I'll take the consequences if I do kill him completely. Great Jehoshaphat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones in an awful whisper. "Here hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!"

Accordingly Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall black figure coming up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist and another in the ribs with the other fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligently at first, but on the second thought seemed to think better of it, and turned upon his assailant.

"Take that, and that, and that," cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently at this time dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll teach you to swoop around the Jones family, trying to break it up. Take that, and that, and—oh! great Jehoshaphat!"

Mr. Jones' tone suddenly changed; the victim of the husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his toe, and was doing good work with the same.

"Smith—Dobson! help, help!" shrieked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! Help!"

The officers came to his assistance, and succeeded in securing the stranger.

"I'd like to know what this means," he demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should think you'd all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers."

"We'll let you know what it all means; and you won't want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife again."

"Oh, is that you, Jones?" asked the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar before, but you bellowed so I couldn't make it out. Are you insane or idiotic—or what?"

"Lord bless me, if it ain't uncle Joshua!" said Mr. Jones faintly. He felt small enough just then to crawl through a knot hole. "I'm awful sorry this has happened, but I couldn't help it; I did not know it was you. You see Amelia's fallen in love with some fellow, and I came across a letter this afternoon that she had written to him, saying that she'd meet him here at ten o'clock, and I got these men to help me, and we waited for him, and I thought you were the man."

"Fallen in love with another man—promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed uncle Joshua, indignantly. "You were always the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I saw her own letter!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was crazy before long."

"You've lost all the sense you used to have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," retorted uncle Joshua. "Come along to the house and we'll ask Amelia what it all means."

Uncle Joshua led the way, with a pain in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones' energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Mr. Jones followed in his wake with a sore head and a very black eye.

"There was a light in the sitting-room: Mrs. Jones was there."

"See here, Amelia," exclaimed uncle Joshua, bursting in like a thunder storm, "your fool of a husband says you've fallen in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying that you would meet him to-night at ten o'clock, and run away with him, and he says he's seen the letter. Now I don't believe a word of it, only I'd like to have you explain it—if you can."

"I never did any such thing!" declared Mrs. Jones, indignantly.

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, "it's no use for you to lie about it, Amelia. You've broken my heart and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk and here it is. It begins 'dear Edward.'"

"Oh, I know all about it, now!" cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "Oh dear me! You see Lura Wade and I agreed to write a story, and I get mine half done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there found that I had lost a page of it. Well, I must have left it on my writing-desk. The story was about a woman who was going to elope—my story was—and she wrote that she would go with her lover; and then, when she had thought it all over, concluded to stay at home and do her duty. The page that was missing was the one that she wrote to her lover. You found it, and thought I was going to run away? Oh, dear me!" and Mrs. Jones laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I can't see anything funny about it," said Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know that you were writing stories? You've no business to spend your time in that way."

"That's so growled uncle Joshua, whose stomach began to feel bruised and sore. "You're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool anyway."

Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out, and he will never hear the last of Mrs. Jones' elopement.

MUTTON CHOPS.—Sprinkle with vinegar, pepper and salt, dip them in egg, sprinkle with cracker or bread crumbs, and fry.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned these into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
And fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never would let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he swung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on the hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lane been white,
And the orchard sweet with apple bloom;
And now when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one.

Briskly, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Chopping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisp air,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
Under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

—Kate P. Osgood, in the Utica Observer.

A STUDIO STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There is an artist friend of mine who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in any thing, even in painting.

Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment last July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country. He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day.

But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruelle casee," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint-brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street, exposed to the gaze of indiscreet by-passers. She even threatened to fetch the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm. He found some resemblance between women and the sea, from which Venus arose, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more charming by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, nervous figure, and her rosy nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden haired cherub.

"What?" continued the irate lady. "You're not going away till five o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor."

It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The proprietor was just buying a seventh house, according to the directions of the law regulating such matters and "par devant notaire." The door-keeper alone was available, but the newcomer was so terrible, so aggressive and so threatening, that Cerebus was tamed and ran away leaving his broom behind him.

Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too; but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain de Saxe that adorned one end of the chimney piece.

"You look like it," said the irate lady. "O, yes; it is droll."

"Take it," said the mother. "I forbid you to accept anything."

"If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the tapestry in order to keep her countenance.

"Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter.

"Yes," answered the child.

"And your father—where is he?"

"He died two years ago."

"And mamma is a widow?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Then, turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room, and that he would go and help to get her furniture in.

Soon the furniture began to find its place—the wardrobe, the mirror the bookcase.

"Ah! Madame, without knowing you, I can read in your soul Montesquieu, Balzac, Bossuet, Hugo, Lamartine."

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried the irate lady. "You would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!"

"I am working all the time, madame. Look! That console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror, opposite the window—"

"Ah! it is no use; you cannot make peace with me!"

There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child.

"Are they coming to-day or to-morrow, your men?" she asked, angrily, as she came back into the room. But she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless

and smiling, was seated on a chair, and Durand was painting her portrait.

"Mamma," said the little one, suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a pate in the big basket?"

"Come then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother.

Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly.

"Mamma has something to ask you."

"What?"

"She does not dare—"

"She wants to turn me out?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Mamma wants to know—if you—if you would like a piece of pate."

This happened on July 15, and when the porter arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother, and dandling the child on his knee. Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once.

"Leave your easel, your pallet, and your pictures," said Jeanne; "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my portrait."

He left them. He only came into possession of them yesterday. October 15, when he brought all his furniture back to his old room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife the two households were merged into one.

A VICE-REGAL HOME.

An Interior View of the Ottawa Residence of Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise.

The Governor General's sanctum is a cheery apartment lighted by two windows. A narrow door close to the desk gives access to the private working-room and atelier of the Princess Louise. Portraits of the late Duchess of Argyll and the splendid Duchess of Sutherland adorn either side of the mirror. On the mantelpiece are two photographs of the Princess Louise, one representing her Royal Highness in her wedding dress. A wondrous piece of Gobelin's tapestry hangs on the southern wall. His Excellency's ink bottle is constructed from the hoof of the charger that carried Lord Clyde through the Crimean war.

The portraits of his princess-wife confront the Laird of Lorne as he writes, and between them stands a miniature of our Queen on ivory in a ruby velvet open case. Inverary Castle holds its own on the western side, and the India ink drawing of the "Home Coming," done by Her Royal Highness, is admirable in its every detail. There are also paintings in oil from the brush of the royal lady, displaying masterly execution, Bonnie Scotland being especially favored by the gifted artist. A table in the centre of the room is dedicated to an immense morocco bound volume, containing the various addresses presented to His Excellency upon assuming the reins of office, while a case of salmon-flies, flanked by boxes of cartridges, tell their own tale of flood and field.

The drawing-room is a charmingly proportioned apartment, all dead blues and dead grays. Here is a wealth of costly knick knacks, an El Dorado of bric-a-brac. The walls glow with oil paintings and water colors, the most noticeable, a life-size portrait of the Princess Louise in her bridal robes, "A Princess from Elaine," by Dore, Tennyson's words in Dore's writing underneath; a half-length of Prince Albert, "Inverary Castle," "Glen Shirva," "Windor Castle," "Como," and "Venice." On entering Her Royal Highness' boudoir, the first object that strikes the eye is the branch of an apple tree in leaf and fruit, trailed against the panels of a white door. A closer inspection reveals the "counterfeit presentment," for, in order to kill the dead glaring white, the Princess conceived the happy and aesthetic idea of thus decorating an obnoxious portal. This she has done with her own hand, and the apples are ripe and rosy enough to cause a second fall. A large photograph of Her Majesty holds the place of honor, the background being a superb specimen of Gobelin. The escutcheon of the Princess, with its gorgeous blotter of red and the royal arms in gold, is a prominent object, as is also a painting of a brick wall covered with peaches, finished by the Princess two days before the fire at Inverary Castle.

Only think of it, not a single plaque, but a conservatory, one great tuft of ferns of the most vivid green, stands on the right hand side of the fire place and opposite the blazing fire—it was twenty below zero outside. Within hand-reach of caressing *fauvels*, in dainty little frames especially constructed, lay the leading English, French and German newspapers of the latest date, while the newest French novel and the last quarterly occupied a gipsy table all to themselves. A portrait of the late Duchess of Kent is conspicuous, (together with autographs appended) of the heir to the throne and his beautiful and interesting wife. Lord Lorne sets great store by three engravings, representing Quebec prior to its storming by Wolfe, picked up by himself in St. James street. The frames, too, are remarkable from the fact that they were constructed from the timbers of a vessel sunk during the assault, and only recovered within the last few months. There is an atmosphere of supreme luxurious ease in this boudoir—everything is in complete harmony, and wears the appearance of being occupied. Evidences of the aesthetic tastes of its royal mistress are everywhere visible, from the dead gold panels and their blood-red flowers, to the linnet and canaries warbling in quaint and picturesque cages, from choice and elegant literature in many languages, to the quantity of woman's work lying on ottomans, lounges and chairs, that seem to invite one to press them.

"That's the luncheon gong," merrily exclaimed the Governor General, adding, as we proceed to the dining-room, "this is a hungry climate."

Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert adorn the walls of the dining-room at either end. The buffets are of black walnut with game subjects in relief. Two specimens of Von Goyen overhang side-boards standing in recesses. Stuffed wild duck shot by the Marquis hang on the centre panels of the sideboards—very fine birds, too.

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ZEOLIAN.

His soul is tuned to subtler harmonies
Than our dull music; never mortal touch
Woke such wild sweetness from the well-tuned
harp.

Nor mortal touch from him can draw his best
Ah! set him in the woodlands, or where lakes
Lead heaven a mirror for its thousand eyes,
Or where the ocean evermore complains
In lonely grandeur of its loneliness.
These rouse him to full rapture, and he breaks
Into the sweetness of an angel's song
Who wakes on earth, now fall'n in sleep from
heaven.

So the Zeolian harp owns not the sway
Of harp's fingers; not the ordered laws
Of tongue, sonata, symphony; yet breathes
Its whole full heart forth to the lawless wind.
—The Spectator.

A TALE OF A WITCH.

In the southwestern part of Luzerne county there is a remarkable stream of water, known as Black Creek. Its average width is perhaps a dozen yards, while its waters are very dark and extremely sulphurous. In it fish cannot live, while a frog or snake thrown into the stream, instantly turns over and floats away, dead. It rises somewhere about Hazleton, and about six miles from its source enters a deep mountain gap, which it follows to its furthest extremity, and soon after mingles its black current with the limpid waters of the Nescopeck Creek, which a little further on joins the wide Susquehanna. The mountain gap traversed by this stream, is one of the most dismal places to be found in the country, only a narrow stretch of sky is visible from below, and this is almost always filled with a haze which the sunbeams scarcely ever penetrate. When the sky happens to be clear it is not sunrise in the gap till 'en o'clock, while at two the sun goes down. Immense gray boulders abound. The ground is covered with ashes and trunks of fallen pines, charred and blackened by mountain fires, which yearly sweep over the place, in decay, sometimes one across the other. Enormous snakes crawl over the rocks and are stunted pines which grow out from between the rocks.

In addition to the gloom and desolation intensing the place, it has, according to the people thereabout, been sadly troubled with witches. One of the stories handed down from a generation long in their graves runs thus: Much less than 100-years ago Black Creek was a beautiful transparent stream. The skies above it were as clear as other skies. Green moss thickly covered the ground and rocks, and birds sang among the branches of the trees. The gap about this time was the favorite resort of hunters, and one individual, owning a large tract of mountain land including the gap, had erected a cabin in it for the accommodation of himself and friends during the hunting season. It happened one day that the owner of the cabin got into a quarrel with a stranger over a wounded deer, each claiming that he had fired the lucky shot. During the quarrel the stranger struck a blow, and received in return one that leveled him to the earth. Being seriously hurt, he was carried into the cabin and a word sent to his friends, who resided at some distance. In a short time his sister arrived, a black eyed girl, with long, raven hair. On the same day he died, and the girl cursed the young man that dealt the fatal blow in a manner that made a terrible impression on all present.

In a short time the waters of the creek became black and sulphurous, the sky grew dim and hazy, while the gap became the abode of serpents and a place of desolation. The black-eyed girl was afterwards frequently seen—sometimes walking through the gap at midnight, enveloped in a long black cloak; at other times in the midst of a tempest, on the topmost bough of the loftiest tree, swaying to and fro, with her long black hair streaming in the wind. So the good people of the long ago came to regard this place as bewitched by the vindictive sister, and no one cared to be found in the dismal place at night. But an important road connecting the Tomhicken and Nescopeck Valleys, led right through the bewitched gap, and it was consequently not always possible to avoid it. The road was always beaten hard and in the best order. Yet farmers in passing over it on their return from market, with four horses attached to an empty wagon, would often come suddenly to a standstill. The farmer then would crack his whip, the horses would throw themselves into the harness and scratch the ground for a foot hold, but the wagon would stand as if riveted to the earth beneath some invisible weight. The farmer would then know that "the witches were riding his wagon," and simply wait until they got off, when the team would travel on as easily as before.

About ten years ago a mining company began operations four miles up the gap, but there was no success predicted for it in such a place. And a little later Simon Kase ran his new railroad right through the gap. About this time Henry Croll, who owned a valuable farm out in the Nescopeck Valley, sold his property for a large sum, and, fearing neither Simon Kase nor the witches, decided to build a large hotel right in the mountain gap. His friends expostulated with him, reminding him that he could not succeed there. He went to work, however, and in a short time had the new hotel under roof. The new coal mines attracted a great deal of travel, and before long Croll was doing a flourishing business. He had ten sons and he built a house for each of them near his own. Other relatives followed so that the place soon became to be called "Crolltown." At the end of two years the town contained fifty houses, and had beside the hotel a store, lime kiln, post office and a school house. Soon after this Croll began to show some strange eccentricities. He became very quarrelsome, and without any apparent reason would forbid his best customers the house. A large portion of the population had found employment at the neighboring coal mines, which, owing to some cause, no longer afforded constant work. Croll and his village began to go down hill together. The unfortunate landlord then advertised his property for sale, but when persons appeared to buy he spoke so unfavorably of the place and its surroundings that they went away disgusted. He now did no business at all. The people had become indolent and indifferent, and the storekeeper was drifting on toward ruin. Their school teachers got the blues and left the place before

the school term had expired. Croll, seated in the bar-room, disheveled and haggard, surrounded by a crowd of loafers, would discourse on his approaching ruin.

He knew how much he was worth,

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Duna & Co., druggists, No. 92 Main street.

The Mandan accommodation will be put on again in a few days.

Ed. Wescott has opened a restaurant at the levee and calls it the "Ocean Wave."

Mr. Arthur Linn, of the Sun, moved into his new residence on Fourth street this week.

For want of a quorum of city council men at the City Hall Wednesday night, no meeting was held.

The county commissioners have been busy all the week at the office of Clerk Richards, equalizing the taxes.

Governor A. P. Wise returned to Bismarck last week. He has been spending the winter at his home in Illinois.

The contractor for putting on a new asphalt road on the Sheridan House, arrived Tuesday and is now at work on the job.

John Watson, 41 Main street, has struck a new departure and has added to his feed store a full line of crockery, glass-ware and house-furnishing goods.

Col. J. M. Bell, agent for Northern Dakota of the Encyclopedia Britannica, a valuable work, as will be seen by advertisement in this column.

The Chinese have opened their wash-house on Third street next door to Foster's restaurant, where they have plenty of room to wash and dry their laundry.

Nine car loads of piles arrived Wednesday night for the extension to be used in building the Little Missouri, when the Northern Pacific will cross.

Deputy Collector Brown says the special tax stamp for the third division of Dakota for the present year amounts now to \$15,000, and will probably reach \$5,000.

The Black Hills have been loaded both ways during the past week, it being necessary some days to send out two stages to accommodate the number of passengers.

Jack McLean, formerly in the employ of the steam company, has a large contract with the Northern Pacific railroad for distributing supplies along the line of the extension.

Joe DiBart's new bus is a beauty, almost as inviting as a satin lined barouche. Cliff Bros. & Clark could have no better advertisement than this specimen of their decorative art.

Dan Eisenberg's new building will be finished next week, and he proposes giving the use of it next Friday night to the boys for a house-warming, a dance that all are invited to attend.

Mr. E. N. Cony, clerk of the district court, has been quite ill and confined to his bed with dysentery for a week. He is rapidly convalescing and is now able to visit his office daily.

The team of A. W. Cameron ran away last Monday. They were attached to a light spring wagon and made things lively for a while. The wagon was slightly damaged and not only hurt.

The workmen on the new brick store of Nave & Baber are pushing the walls rapidly. It will be one of the finest stores in the city and be occupied by Mr. Watson as a dry goods house.

Charley Vincent and child came in from Deadwood last Sunday and is playing an engagement at Whitney's Opera House. Charley is getting up a directory of the Black Hills and will soon return to Deadwood.

A Logan, the third best grocer and baker, has moved into the building formerly occupied by Menkus, two doors above his old place, where he has found space enough to meet his constantly increasing trade.

The pleasant weather of the past week gave many a chance to show up their new "turnouts" on the drive. The liveries have all added new stock this spring and Bismarck can boast as fine rigs as any city twice the size.

Stimpson, anticipating the warm weather, has put in a marble soda fountain and added an extension to his establishment for an ice cream parlor for ladies and gents during the hot months. The place is fitted up in style.

"Denny" Hannan has a gift opened up at his old place on Fourth street, "Keno Hall." Nothing but the best of beverages will be dispensed, and as "Denny" means business in anything he undertakes, Keno Hall is bound to bloom.

Col Bull gave a strict temperance lecture Tuesday night on Main street, near the stage office. A large and attentive crowd made up the audience and nine persons signed the pledge. A Mr. Smith, a nursery agent, of Grand Forks, made an interesting speech.

One of the handsomest dresses ever seen in Bismarck was designed and made at Mrs. Lamb's this week for a young lady soon to be married in Miles City, Montana. They have some style about them up there and send to Bismarck for particularly fine work.

Cliff, the artist, successfully lived a swarm of bees last Saturday, and Owen Farley performed the same feat Sunday. They are said to be pure Spanish, and evidently scented the sweet zephyrs of Burlington county from far off Minnesota and emigrated hither.

Col Bull, pastor of the M. E. church, preached on Raymond's corner last Sunday. The day was beautiful, and the audience, though not very large, was attentive. The colloquial is to be commended for his unceasing efforts to elevate the moral status of Bismarck's floating population.

Mr. S. J. Cooper has removed his blacksmith shop and carriage works to Welch's old place on Fifth street. Mr. Cooper has turned out some very fine specimens of carriage painting during the past two weeks. Mr. J. H. Marshall's carriage is a beauty and Jerry Duane's hack in its new dress shows the excellence of Mr. Cooper's work.

The old corner on Fourth and Main streets occupied for many years by the Pacific saloon has been closed up by the proprietors the first of the month on account of expiration of lease. The familiar voice of the "Keno" dealer will no longer resound from this quarter of town during the long summer evenings, and the "boys" that were accustomed to make the Pacific their headquarters will have to look about for other worlds to conquer.

Thurston & Co. are fortunate in securing the services of Mr. P. M. Eckford in their new establishment. Mr. Eckford spent two years with Harmon, the post rider, and as many more with E. H. Bly at Brainerd. What he doesn't know about

groceries isn't worth knowing. Aside from this Mr. Eckford is popular among an extensive circle of business men and acquaintances.

PAUL NEWMAN was sent up sixty days recently for attempting to bribe a Deadwood jurymen.

Geo. Elder, late of the Pacific, has opened the "O. F. C.," the old stand of R. R. Marsh, on Fourth street, as an eating house and sample room. The table will be supplied at all times "with the best the market affords," and the bar with the best of wines, liquors and cigars. George knows just how to keep a hotel, and has hosts of friends and will be successful in his new enterprise. The "O. F. C." will be open day and night so that the wayfarer may find food and drink "even at the eleventh hour."

Caucuses were held in the different wards yesterday for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the county convention to be held at the City Hall May 10th. The first ward elected H. G. Cuykendall, George P. Plannery, F. J. Call, and the second ward chose L. N. Griffin, John Stoyell and J. B. Wakeman. The third ward is only entitled to two delegates and sends George H. Glass, and W. H. Meserve. The county convention will elect delegates to the Territorial convention to be held at Fargo, Wednesday May 18th.

Mr. J. W. Gary, the stranger who has been lying very ill at the Merchants Hotel, died Monday night. As reported in last week's TRIBUNE he started for Deadwood and was taken ill suddenly when about fifteen miles out and brought back to Bismarck. The disease proved to be inflammation of the lungs and, although receiving the best of medical attendance, it was of no avail. Mr. Gary's son, a business man of Deadwood, arrived by Monday's stage about four hours before his father's death. Mr. Gary was a farmer, a native of Ogdenburg, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., and was en route to the Hills on a visit to his son.

The Montana Market.
Mr. Biaggi, of the Montana Market, is using in his business two car loads of cattle per week besides the stock picked up about Bismarck. He is also receiving daily invoices of fresh vegetables, peas, lettuce, asparagus, etc., and fresh fish of every kind. The market is always supplied with the choicest meats and everything else to be found in a first-class city market.

Something New.
M. Enginger has an immense stock of clothing just opened. Every conceivable style of garment for men's wear are on his shelves and can be had at bottom prices.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic never fails in colic, dysentery and all disorders of a like nature.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is a wholesome stimulant and its quality is guaranteed.

A Fine Thing For the Teeth.
Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its emollient and antiseptic properties and aromatic fragrance makes it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all unsightly conditions from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, etc. It is entirely free from the injurious and acrid properties of tooth pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months.

Car load of Fish Bro's Wagons.
Just received, and will be sold at very low prices by THURSTON & CO'S.

Choice Seed Barley.
Just received at WHALEN'S, 41, MAIN STREET.

Thurston & Co.
will have a car load of agricultural implements in a few days.

A Full Line
Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

Blank Books.
Stationery, French note paper of every description, at HOLLEMBACK'S.

A Full Line of Groceries
and provisions. All new goods at THURSTON'S & CO'S.

Toilet Articles.
A fine line of toilet articles and perfumery just opened at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Blank Books
at DUNN'S.

Ground Paints.
In all colors, white lead, verdish, etc., at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Lace Bunting.
Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

Mail orders.
Receive prompt attention if sent to THURSTON & CO'S.

A Large and Complete Stock
of Stationery at DUNN'S.

Misses' and Children's Shoes.
At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

Garden and Flower Seeds.
Of every kind at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Straw Goods.
At Dan Eisenberg's, all the latest novelties in Ladies' and Children's.

Dan Eisenberg
Has just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' and Misses' shoes.

A Lot
of very choice Green apples at THURSTON & CO'S.

Russia Leather
And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocket-books at HOLLEMBACK'S.

1,000 Packages
Of genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Rubber Boots.
Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

5,000 Key West Cigars.
Just opened at HOLLEMBACK'S.

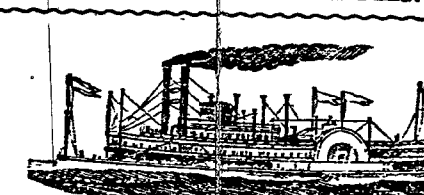
The Only Place.
If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Foster's restaurant.

Foster's, Foster's, Foster's.
Is the place to go for your day board.

Use the Improved
Cubob Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic
gives tone to the stomach and digestive organs.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN



The Helena passed up for Benton.

The General Terry arrived this morning.

Steamer Far West left Buford at 3:45 a. m., Wednesday.

Steamer Eclipse was launched from the ways Thursday morning.

The Pontenelle and Benton left Fort Sully last Sunday night.

The Helena arrived at Stevenson 9 a. m. yesterday, and left 10:15 for Benton.

The Sherman left Standing Rock at daylight to day, and will reach here at night.

The steamers Big Horn and Josephine will arrive from Yankton next week.

The steamer Key West, of the Coulongs line, left Saturday for Benton having a full load of assorted freight and seventy-two passengers.

The transfer ran into the old wreck of the Stockdale Thursday and broke two buckets from her wheel.

Steamer Benton of same line is the next mail boat for Benton, leaving Saturday after the train arrives.

The river continues to rise, since our last report. A rise of five inches is reported at Benton, making 16 inches in two days.

The Benton Line Steamer Helena, arrived from below and left at noon on the 4th for Fort Benton. Full load of freight and 65 passengers.

The transfer is doing business with dispatch under the able management of Capt. Woolfolk, carrying over about thirty cars of supplies and material daily for the extension.

Yellowstone Line, steamer "F. Y. Batchelor," crossed to Fort Lincoln to take seventy recruits, for Fort Keogh and Custer. She returns and leaves here Saturday morning going up the Big Horn to Fort Custer.

Steamer General Terry, of the Peck Line, arrived at Fort Lincoln last night, where she takes on some government freight for Yellowstone. She completes her landing here and leaves on Friday evening after the train arrives for Big Horn River.

The river has been rising slowly at Stevenson since last Friday, also at Custer, Buford and Keogh. At Benton Thursday the daily river report for THE TRIBUNE noted a rise of eleven inches at that point which will very perceptibly effect the lower points by the early part of the week.

Superintendent Maratta received a telegram from Capt. Joe Todd, at Fort Benton, yesterday, announcing the arrival of the steamer Rosebud at Benton on the 6th at 9 a. m. The first boat of the season. The Rosebud will leave Benton for Bismarck on Saturday, the 8th, and will arrive here Wednesday, the 12th inst.

The Press and Democrat says: The Peck line of steamers have taken from Yankton this spring four hundred and fifty tons of government freight and from Running Water one hundred and twenty-five tons. Freight at the latter place is taken under protest subject to future adjustment, as only Yankton and Bismarck are named in the contract as shipping points.

Freight for the Yellowstone and up river points is arriving in large quantities daily by the Northern Pacific railroad, which keeps matters booming at the dock, numerous extra freights arriving daily. The disposition of this freight, which is under the management of Mr. Gilboy, is done in the quickest time possible. Ned is as fine a manager in his line as ever struck a railroad and deserves credit for the rapidity and skill with which he handles the immense amount of freight under his charge.

The Eclipse got off the ways Wednesday after settling the misunderstanding arising from the United States marshal's sale. The boat owed the ways and dock company a little over \$300, which Capt. Braithwaite objected to paying on the ground that it was due from the United States marshal from the proceeds of the sale of the boat this spring. That matter had been disposed of and of course nothing could be got out of the marshal. Mr. Weaver, of the dock company, held the boat responsible for the dockage and to prevent the boat's getting into the water before settlement, took the cylinder out of the captain's at the ways. Tuesday night and otherwise fixed matters so as to prevent the boat's getting into the water. Capt. Braithwaite, finding that he could not "weigh anchor" and put to sea without paying the dockage, settled the matter with Mr. Weaver, Wednesday, and the boat was launched.

YELLOWSTONE LINE OF STEAMERS.

JOSEPH LEIGHTON, Manager.

(St. Paul Minn.)

Steamer

F. Y. Batchelor,

GRANT MARSH, Master.

Leaves Bismarck Thursday, May 6,

Fort Buford, Miles City,

Fort Keogh, Sherman,

Terry's Landing, Huntley,

Junction City, Fort Custer, and

Big Horn River.

Will run regularly during season

For Freight or Passage, apply on board,

Or, J. C. BARR, Sheridan House

HARNESS-MAKER

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ANY one desiring some good rich top soil can have the same by hauling it away. G. H. FAIRCHILD.

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FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to 26tf MCLAN & MACNIDER.

FOR SALE—A second hand platform spring wagon nearly new. Wagon has just been repainted and will be sold at a bargain. 44tf Enquire of C. R. WILLIAMS.

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FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road. 36tf

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FOR SALE or RENT—The Echert farm one mile and a half south of Bismarck, containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery. 34tf Apply to Wm. HARMON, Fort Lincoln, D. T.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population. 36tf

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JEWELL'S DIRECTORY has the name and place of residence of every person in the city. For Sale at THE TRIBUNE office, 50 cts. and one dollar.

DON'T forget Foster's when you are in town

DO you want to find a man in this city? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories, which will tell you where he lives.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large inventory just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

FIRST-class day board at Foster's only \$3 per week

100 COPIES LEFT.—Purchase one before they are all sold. Early history of Bismarck, together with a complete directory, giving name and place of business, and residence of every person in Bismarck. A. H. JEWELL, Publisher, Bismarck, D. T.

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\$72 a week \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO. Augusta, Maine.

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SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$3 outfit free. Address A. HALLITT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

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DO YOU WANT to find out the full name of anyone in the city, or address circulars for the spring trade? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Only 100 copies left.

DRY WOOD.—Steamboatmen will find 500 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 35 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MERRY.

Money to Loan.—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 41thm 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

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DRY GOODS.

1880. 1880.

DAN. EISENBERG HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS SPRING STOCK.

You can find a full line of Buntings, Linen Lawns, Renfrew Suitings, Satin Striped Silk, Velvet Striped Satin, Flain Silks and Satins, and everything in the line of Dry Goods. Also a full line of

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All Orders from up and down River will receive Prompt Attention.

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Also White Lead, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

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Where I am prepared to do all kinds of Light and Heavy Work.

Horse-Shoeing in all its Branches.

ALL GOVERNMENT WORK ATTENDED TO.

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Repairs promptly attended to.

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Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

A Full Line of everything desirable. New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the Best of Stock at low prices.

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VEGETABLES AND HIGH CLASS POULTRY.

"Plymouth Rock" Chickens a specialty. Special contracts made with hotels and steamboats.

Eggs for hatching \$3 per 13. Farm two miles northeast of the city.

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